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THE GRAND STREET TENEMENT-HOUSE DISASTER.—DRAWN BY GRAHAM AND THULSTRUP.—[SEE PAGE 775.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1881.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY—16 PAGES.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 107, issued November 15, contains as features of special attraction the usual installment of its brilliant serial story; an article entitled "A Dangerous Plaything," descriptive of the old Volunteer Fire Department and the organization that has superseded it, with two illustrations; a lively account of the game of "Lawn Tennis," with full-page illustration; a didactic article on "Luck," written in so pleasing a style as to interest readers old and young; an admirable short story; another sketch by Jimmy Brown, more humorous than ever, illustrated; together with art pictures, short articles, poems, and other entertaining matter.

THE AUTUMN ELECTIONS.

MANY and various morals have been drawn from the results of the autumn elections, and certainly they were full of significance and good cheer. There were no great questions of public policy upon which the country was to be polled, and the elections, therefore, merely tested the power of party traditions. It was in every way an "off year," and every kind of local, personal, and special influence had full play. The result, upon the whole, is a striking illustration of political independence. There was a general "scratching," "bolting," and "kicking," and the machine was everywhere most hopefully shattered. Some of the more striking proofs of this disposition we consider elsewhere. A thousandfold more than party triumphs, they show political health and vigor and courage, which are the sure foundations of the national welfare. Even so stanch and devoted and uncompromising a Republican "regular" as Mr. THURLOW WEED is reported to have voted for the Democratic District Attorney, and to have said as he did so that Mr. FORSTER would not miss one vote, and he would therefore compliment an old Democratic friend, Mr. McKEON.

Such an election affords, of course, an interior glimpse of parties which is most instructive. The Tammany feud in the Democratic family seems to be as bitter, and it is evidently as numerically strong on each side, as ever. The Republican difference is not less determined. In Albany, Erie, Oneida, and Oswego counties the machine and anti-machine wings resolutely opposed each other, even to the point, in some instances, of supporting the Democratic ticket, and the general result of the engagement is the defeat of the machine all along the line. The apathy or open hostility of the machine wing is held responsible for the general reduction of the Republican vote, and the harmony which was blandly predicted does not distinctly appear. In Pennsylvania, also, the CAMERON machine has been impressively warned, and the general situation is very solemnizing for all who think that voters are to be bought, coerced, or wheedled, and that politics is mere corruption. Republican management in New York, Pennsylvania, and Illinois, before the National Convention of 1880, not only showed intelligent Republicans what machine methods and objects were, but showed also how dangerously near to success the machine conspiracy came. This was followed by the Senatorial assault upon President GARFIELD, and by the circumstances of his assassination. The country has been thoroughly startled by the character and consequences of machine control of our political life, and the autumn elections record the results of the warning.

It is plain that the profound distrust of the Democratic party is not allayed, and it remains to be seen whether the Republican party will waste itself away in factional feuds and personal politics, or whether it will turn its power to the accomplishment of results which the country more and more distinctly desires. If it declines to accept any new issue, the new issues will make new parties. In 1849, Mr. SEWARD regretted that the Free-soil party weakened the antislavery element in the Whig party. In 1855, Mr. SEWARD saw that the Whigs as such would not meet the new questions, and he became a Republican. In vain Mr. SUMNER entreated Mr. WEBSTER to lead an antislavery Whig party. Mr. WEBSTER declined; but the antislavery movement did not hesitate, and WHITTIER, with the mournful assent of the country, wrote Ichabod against WEBSTER'S name. President ARTHUR, naturally anxious not to close the line of Republican Presidents, will see, perhaps, that the great achievements of the party and severe party drill are not enough to save it in the conflict of new interests and the demands of a new generation. The Republican party coheres negatively by the national distrust of the Democratic party, but as yet not positively by the force of living issues. Every earnest and intelligent Republican will await with great interest the announcement of the policy of the new Administration, whether made in the form of recommendations to Congress or in that of Executive appointments. Every word and act will be significant. The autumn elections may well warn the President to study carefully the signs of the times. If the reports in regard to the new cabinet and the general policy and character of the Administration should prove to be correct, it will be clear that the usual fate of Vice-Presidents who succeed to the Chief Magistracy has overtaken President ARTHUR.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL MACVEAGH.

MR. MACVEAGH is sharply reproached in some quarters for insisting upon retiring from the cabinet, and there are stories of angry passages between the President and the Attorney-General, which have been authentically denied, and which those may believe who will. Our understanding is that the Attorney-General offered his resignation in good faith, and with equal sincerity asked that the President would select a successor as soon as practicable. The late Secretary of the Treasury resigned at the same time, and a successor was promptly named. We can not see that there would have been any difficulty in an equally prompt nomination of a successor to the Attorney-General. Every member of the cabinet must be allowed to decide for himself when he will retire, but no man would be readier than Mr. MACVEAGH to agree that in the exercise of that unquestionable right he is bound as a good citizen to see that no injury results to the public service.

It is not seriously alleged that any such injury could follow the retirement of the Attorney-General. The work that he had done in the Star Route cases would not be prejudiced by his withdrawal. The conduct of them was already in the hands of Mr. BLISS and Mr. BREWSTER, and of course all Mr. MACVEAGH'S personal information, whatever it may be, is at their disposition. It is an unworthy reflection upon the President to say that he regarded the Star Route cases as a legacy from his predecessor, and that he insisted upon refusing Mr. MACVEAGH'S resignation in order that if the prosecutions should fail, his own administration might not be held responsible for the failure. If Mr. MACVEAGH should remain, he would remain as Attorney-General of the ARTHUR administration; and if the prosecutions should fail, they would fail under that administration. They are not Mr. MACVEAGH'S prosecutions, but the prosecutions of the people of the United States against public robbers, and it is as much the duty of the ARTHUR administration as of the GARFIELD administration to press them with all ability and zeal.

We have seen no adequate reason alleged for Mr. MACVEAGH'S remaining in the cabinet against his desire, nor have we seen any statement of a public necessity which required him to remain. Had it been the President's wish permanently to retain the cabinet of President GARFIELD, and had he proposed that course to them, it might have been a serious question how far private and personal considerations should yield to such a policy. But the request to remain was the usual and formal request. A change was contemplated, and after the lapse of a reasonable time for the selection of a successor, no member of the GARFIELD cabinet could be justly reproached for insisting upon the acceptance of his resignation.

THE MORAL VALUE OF A NAME.

WE hinted last week at a pregnant moral of the Newark Bank robbery. It is simply that reputable men should respect their own names, and not nominally assume responsibilities which they do not mean to undertake. We know a club in which the most eminent member's recommendation of a candidate for admission has no weight, because he gives it to every one who asks him. We know a public officer for whose retention scores of voters signed a petition, but whom they all wish to see removed. They signed for the same reason that the eminent member of the club signs, because they do not like to refuse. Distinguished authors in the same way make great trouble for editors by letters praising lesser writers, to whom it seems to the distinguished authors unkind not to give so small an alms as their names. Every man who has places at his disposal receives scores of letters in which respectable persons ask to have men of whom they know nothing appointed to places of whose duties they are equally ignorant. It seems to many persons a kind of cruel selfishness not to give their name, which costs nothing, and which may be of signal service to some needy person.

These are petty illustrations of a feeling and a practice which often logically result in crime and disaster like that of the Newark Bank. Morally speaking, when a man gives his name he assumes all the responsibility that naturally flows from his act. If B signs a petition because A has signed it, he indorses A's note, and if it goes to protest, he is justly held. It is no excuse for B that he trusted A. If the petitioner turns out to be a rascal, B must take his share of the responsibility, and A in signing his name is bound to remember that he virtually gives his word to B and the whole alphabet that he personally knows the petition and the petitioner to be worthy of support. His deceiving them does not, indeed, absolve them from responsibility, but the consequences show him his criminal carelessness. This is still more strikingly true when the consequences of a man's loose use of his own name involve others in loss and suffering. When a man becomes a director of an institution which invites deposits of money, he assures depositors that he personally knows the institution to be honestly managed. If he does not know it, and continue to know as long as his name appears as a recommendation, he betrays his responsibility, and is morally guilty of the ill results that follow from his ignorance.

When a man is told that to ask his name is to ask a very small favor, which he can easily grant without the least trouble or cost to himself, he may justly reply that, on the contrary, to ask the support of his name is to ask the greatest boon that he can grant. The relations of human society, like the transactions of business, proceed upon credit. It is faith in character that induces B to sign merely because he sees A's name. Now to discover that A's name has not A's character behind it, is a grievous shock to common confidence. If the ten names that would be called the most responsible names in New York profess to attest what the men themselves do not know, the faith upon which society rests is disturbed. Every director of the Newark Bank has totally destroyed the value of his name. Nobody will trust it again. It will be regarded as a decoy or as nothing. There was no ill intention. They are all doubtless honest men. But they have yet to learn the meaning of the remark of the merchant to his clerk whose cigar had kindled the fire that destroyed the warehouse. "Oh, sir, I didn't mean to do it." "True, my boy; but that is not enough: you must mean not to do it."

IRELAND, 1780—1881.

THE Home Rule League of Ireland has prepared a manifesto which naturally recalls the centenary that occurs next year of the independence of Ireland. It was in April, 1780, that HENRY GRATTAN moved in the Irish Parliament "that no person on earth save the King, Lords, and Commons of Ireland has a right to make laws for Ireland." Two years later the British government yielded, and on the 16th of April, 1782, the declaration of independence was brought forward, and the Viceroy, the Duke of Portland, assented on behalf of the government. What was accomplished was the emancipation of the Irish Parliament. A day of thanksgiving was appointed, and almost the first measure of the free Parliament was a vote of support for 20,000 sailors for the English navy. GRATTAN, the hero of Irish legislative independence, was devotedly attached to the independent English connection. "I am desirous above all things," he said, "next to the liberty of the country, not to accustom the Irish mind to an alien or suspicious habit with regard to Great Britain."

In the light of these words and events of a hundred years ago, it is interesting to read the manifesto of the Home Rule League of to-day. It is, in our opinion, unjust to the GLADSTONE administration, totally neglecting the fact that the present situation is mainly due, not to Mr. GLADSTONE'S tyranny, but to Mr. PARNELL'S folly, and that alone among leading British statesmen since the union Mr. GLADSTONE holds virtually the views of GRATTAN. Yet the historical statements of the manifesto are very impressive. "Our manufactures since 1800 have been nearly extinguished. We have had since the union four or five famines. Our country has been depleted by 3,000,000 since 1840. While England is relatively to taxable ability the most lightly taxed country in Europe, Ireland is the most taxed. Since 1800 there have been fifty-nine savage coercion acts in force here." And despite the promise at the union of equal rights and privileges with the people of Great Britain, the proportion of the voters to the male population in England is one to four; in Ireland, one to twenty-four. The final demand of the League is that of GRATTAN:

> "What we ask for is only what is enjoyed by every other British dependency inhabited by a white race; it is only what the States of the American Union possess—namely, the power to manage those matters which concern ourselves alone; those affairs which concern the empire at large being left to the care of an imperial senate, in which we would be represented."

Now the British minister whom the manifesto really arraigns has frankly declared his desire to see such a relation between the two countries established; and there is no doubt that if Mr. PARNELL had been of the spirit of GRATTAN, if he had met a friendly ministry in a friendly spirit, he could have won GRATTAN'S distinction of arranging a friendly, wise, and mutually satisfactory union in place of the present unhappy bond. That he has not done this, but has earned the condemnation of even the most friendly of liberal Englishmen, is not Mr. GLADSTONE'S fault. It is his own fault. The generous and noble spirit which made GRATTAN a sacred name to Ireland, and a name respected by the English-speaking race everywhere, is not that of Mr. PARNELL. He may be called the leader of Ireland, but he is not a leader like FLOOD, or GRATTAN, or O'CONNELL. He has made a wise and friendly union very much more difficult, and he, not

Mr. GLADSTONE, is the obstruction. It is useless to say that except for the PARNELL kind of agitation nothing would have been done. In the disestablishment of the Irish Church, in his heroic and humane view of the Clerkenwell incident, Mr. GLADSTONE had given the plainest proof of his friendly disposition and purpose. The tragedy of Ireland lies not only in her unquestionable suffering, but in the character of so many of her leaders. Every intelligent and patriotic Irishman who comprehends the situation must have winced as he watched the performance of PARNELL, and have fervently longed for an hour of GRATTAN.

THE BROOKLYN VICTORY.

THE defeat of the Brooklyn MCLAUGHLIN Ring is an event only less significant and important than the overthrow of the TWEED Ring in New York ten years ago. Mr. SETH LOW is elected Mayor upon a wholly independent platform, and brings to the office pure character, high ability, the truest public spirit, and the perfect courage of his convictions. His admirable bearing throughout the canvass, the good sense and good temper of his addresses, his refusal to connive at any doubtful system of electioneering, the entire public confidence in the man and in his words, and the meaning of his nomination, made the Brooklyn election, although a local episode, one of the most encouraging events of the autumn contest.

Such a result shows that our institutions still retain their recuperative power. However perverted and distorted and obstructed by fraud and knavery and violence and indifference and despair, they do yet respond to a strenuous appeal, and we all see with pleasure and pride that the conscience, intelligence, and patriotism of every large American community are still able to control it. Young men who are inclined to think that treachery and meanness and corruption and obedience to a machine are essential to success in politics, may well lay to heart some of the most conspicuous events of the late election.

Chief among them to us in New York was the result in Brooklyn, and, with that we may mention the extraordinary independent Republican canvass of Mr. WOLFE in Pennsylvania, and the success of Mr. HICKMAN, the independent candidate for Assembly, in Buffalo. So also the defeat of Mr. HURD for State Senator, of Mr. ASTOR for Congress, and of Mr. HAMILTON for the Assembly, were all, in various ways, due to the righteous indignation with what is familiarly known as machine or boss management. The defeat of Mr. HUSTED is due to the action of members of the benevolent societies and of the "Stalwarts," and to the fact that his public career has not inspired general confidence. The success of Mr. LOW in this part of the State, and of Mr. WADSWORTH in the Western part, is something to be heeded by young men who are contemplating a political career. Mr. LOW and Mr. WADSWORTH are both young Republicans of the highest character, who have scorned to wear a machine collar, or to descend to the mean and unmanly tricks of politics under any plea whatever. There are other young Republicans who have consented, although with great personal distate, to do "dirty work" as indispensable to political success. The contrast of the result in both cases is the most valuable moral of the autumn election.

CLEAN STREETS AND CLEAN BALLOTS.

THE property-holders between Seventeenth and Twenty-third Streets are cleaning Broadway for themselves. Property-holders everywhere in the city employ private watchmen and detectives, and pay enormous taxes for the maintenance of the municipal government. Last spring there was a virtual "uprising of the people" against the filth of the streets, and the threatened dangers to health and property. Great and imposing public meetings were held. Fiery speeches were made, stringent resolutions were adopted, and a kind of Vigilance Committee was appointed. The committee prepared a bill, carried it to Albany, and besought prompt action of the Legislature. The Legislature fought over it, finally changed it, and authorized the Mayor, with the consent of certain other authorities, to appoint an officer, and see if the city could not get its streets swept. Mr. COLEMAN was appointed, and he was hailed as an avenging angel. Six months have passed. A cry of despair arises that the filth is worse than ever, and the property-holders are sweeping the streets at their own expense, and public opinion would probably sweep out Mr. COLEMAN if it could.

But there is one good sign. Most of the members of the Legislature from the city who obstructed the efforts of the Vigilance Committee were not renominated. One of them, Mr. HAMILTON, after declining, was at the last moment put in nomination, and some of the leading and most influential citizens, of both parties, in his district, at once issued a strong and plain-spoken appeal against his election. He was defeated. That is a hopeful sign of political health. If the political methods which are supreme do not permit the nomination of suitable candidates, the polls still afford a means of defeating the election of unsuitable candidates. That patriotic citizen, "the thoughtful scratcher," has been very active at this election. He has been freely using the only argument which bosses and machines heed. With his little pencil he has weeded the regular ticket as the diligent hoe of the farmer weeds his garden beds.

Everything which shows legislators that constituencies have long memories is of the greatest public service, and as public-spirited citizens do not intend to be excluded altogether from a part in political affairs, they will unite to protect themselves at the polls against those who are imposed upon them by the Convention. The way to accomplish "reform within the party" is to beat the party when its nominations ought not to be supported. Reform within the party will obviously never be accomplished by sustaining the things that need to be reformed. The worse the candidates that a party elects, the worse will be those that it nominates. Street-cleaning, like most other municipal affairs, is not a political matter, and if the property-holders who are now cleaning the streets before their shops and houses will clean political tickets with the same zeal, they will soon have their own way.

THE STAR ROUTE PROSECUTIONS.

THE first movement in the Star Route prosecution has failed, and yet it morally convicts the accused persons. The question which has been decided against the government was wholly technical. It was merely a question of procedure. In certain cases there are two ways of proceeding—one by indictment of the Grand Jury, the other by information, or the representation of the prosecuting officer to the court upon proper affidavit. In both cases the trial is by jury. In the present prosecution, according to the statement of Mr. COOK, of counsel for the government, the intention was to present the subject to the Grand Jury in September. But the assassination of President GARFIELD practically arrested the preparation for that purpose. But the labor was resumed, and Mr. COOK was in Washington on the 11th of September to meet the Grand Jury. He was recalled to Elberon, but returned to Washington on the 15th of September, and learned that the Grand Jury had adjourned without notice of any kind to the law officers of the government. District-Attorney CORKHILL, who must have known the situation, and who should have done everything in his power to aid the prosecution, kept profound silence, and the recess of the Grand Jury had practically given time for the case to be outlawed. The government, therefore, in order that the accused persons might be tried, proceeded by information. But the judge rules that it was not a case of the kind in which such procedure was recognized.

This decision affects only the particular charges of offenses committed on the 1st and 2d of October, 1878. Other cases may be brought before the Grand Jury and conducted in the usual way, so that the conviction and punishment of the alleged offenders are not finally balked by this decision. Mr. GEORGE BLISS, of counsel for the government, said to a reporter of the *World*, "You can say that we are going on with the cases, and intend to prosecute them exactly as though no such decision as that of Judge COX this afternoon had been rendered." Those who have reasons for not wishing the frauds exposed and proved, and the robbers punished, are naturally jubilant over the apparent check which the prosecution has encountered, and they are loud in asserting that this is the end of it, and that the prosecution is the real fraud in the Star Route cases.

Meanwhile, what is the position of the accused persons? Some of them—and the most prominent—like BRADY and DORSEY, have held high and honorable official positions. Their official conduct involved the honor of the government. If they have defrauded the people, they have to that degree disgraced the national name. Detailed charges of outrageous fraud have been made. The facts have been laid circumstantially before the country, the New York *Times* leading in the good work, as it did in the exposure of the TWEED crimes. There have been rumors of the powerful influences at work to defeat the legal proceedings, of the large number of important persons affected, and of the money that was ready to play its usual part. Under such circumstances, honorable men conscious of innocence, insist upon the most thorough and the most public inquiry, and spurn all tricks and evasions and technicalities by which a trial may be avoided. Their first purpose is to secure a speedy, just, and public trial. In the present case the universal suspicion which has been awakened by the undisputed facts which have been published upon the authority of official documents has been confirmed by the strenuous efforts to evade a trial by means of technical objections, and by the singular circumstances attending the adjournment of the Grand Jury. If there was already a general impression that the persons accused were guilty, it had been deepened into conviction by their conduct in these preliminary proceedings. The Administration is peculiarly interested that the prosecution of the Star Route cases should not fail from any want of energy and ability. There is no reason to suppose that it has any other wish respecting them than that of the honest people of the country, who desire to see a warning example made of those who engage in the wholesale robbery of the public treasury. If the Star Route prosecutions fail as certain Whiskey Ring prosecutions failed, Republican administration of the government will be sharply arraigned at the General Assizes of 1884.

THE LONDON GARFIELD COMMEMORATION.

A THIN, beautiful small quarto, bound in white linen, quaintly and exquisitely printed at the Chiswick Press upon the finest unburnished paper, a gem for collectors, and a valuable and most interesting historical memorial, is the volume that contains the record of the GARFIELD commemoration in London. It includes the speeches of Mr. LOWELL, General MERRITT, Bishop SIMPSON, Rev. W. H. CHANNING, Mr. J. S. MORGAN, and Mr. MONCURE D. CONWAY, with the address of the Archbishop of Canterbury at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. A passage in the brief preface expresses with singular felicity and delicacy the thought that will always make this little volume profoundly interesting:

> "Never before have Americans, speaking in England, felt so clearly that they were in the land not only of their fathers, but of their brethren—
>
> 'Their elder brothers, but one in blood.'
>
> For the first time their common English tongue found its true office when Mother and Daughter spoke comforting words to each other over a sorrow which, if nearer to one, was shared by both. English blood, made up of the best drops from the veins of many conquering, organizing, and colonizing races, is a blood to be proud of, and most plainly indicates its claim to dominion when it recognizes kinship through what is simple, steadfast, and religious in character. When we learn to respect each other for the good qualities in each, we are helping to produce and foster them."

There can be little doubt whose hand wrote these words. We regret only that we have not room for all. There can be no American who does not rejoice that during the last few months, and especially at the time of the extraordinary British sympathy for America, the American Minister in England was JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

It is a pleasant completion of the era of genuine good feeling between the two countries that at the late celebration of Lord Mayor's day the American flag was especially saluted and honored, as the British flag had been at Yorktown. Such incidents are glimpses of "the federation of the world," of which the English Laureate sings.

PITIFUL SLANDER.

THERE are certain things too ridiculously pitiful even for party malice to assert, and among them may be classed such assertions as that Mr. SHERMAN employed a man to work "five-eighths" of a day upon his barn or house, and charged the expense to the account of some public fund. No decent newspaper which publishes such a story believes it, and this kind of malignant gossip is one of the indecencies which tend to deter honorable men from entering public life. In the very opening of the third volume of VON HOLST'S *Constitutional History of the United States*, just published, the author speaks of the vile methods to which party orators and presses descend in a Presidential campaign, and of the evident contempt of the people for what they have heard said of the candidates. It may be safely maintained that if Mr. SHERMAN was justly censurable for his conduct while Secretary of the Treasury—which the country will be slow to admit—it was not because he cheated the government of the price of five-eighth's of a day's work by a carpenter.

PERSONAL.

MR. JOHN P. MORTON, a wealthy and benevolent citizen of Louisville, Kentucky, proceeded on the 1st inst. to administer upon his own estate. On that day the corner-stone was laid by Bishop DUDLEY of the Church Home and Infirmary, a suberb edifice, for which Mr. MORTON gave $100,000, the largest sum, it is said, ever given by a Southern man for such an institution in the South. The idea originated with Mr. MORTON twenty years ago, but came near being brought to naught by the lock-up of the funds in the Short Line Railroad. Fortunately, the recent sale of that road and the recovery of the funds have enabled Mr. MORTON to carry at once his original plan into effect. While the institution is to be under the auspices of the Episcopal Church, its benefits are to be open to members of other denominations.

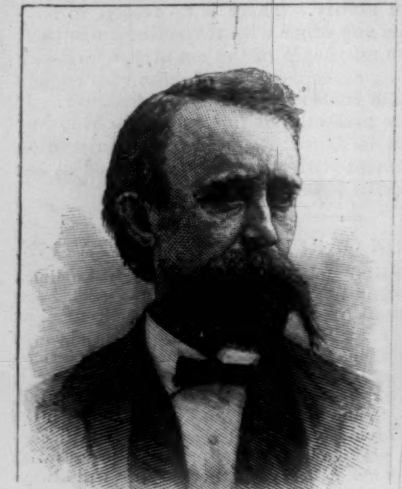
—The Rev. Dr. H. B. RIDGWAY, formerly pastor of St. Paul's and St. James's Methodist Episcopal churches in this city, has been appointed Professor of Historical Theology in Garrett Biblical Institute, Evanston, Illinois. Dr. RIDGWAY is distinguished alike for scholarship and oratorical power.

—Although King ALFONSO of Spain was required when receiving the Order of the Garter to swear that he would never take it off his leg, he has never once worn it. Every recipient of the Garter has perjured himself in the same horrible manner; and until recent times every Oxford professor was obliged to make his solemn "affidavy" on the Bible never to wear boots. But they do, and pooh pooh at the ridiculous jurat.

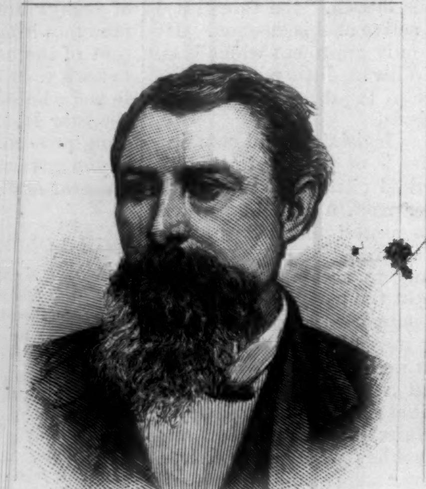
—The late ROBERT G. STEWART, president of the Bank of Commerce, Buffalo, bequeathed $10,000 each to the Home for the Friendless, the Homœopathic Hospital, and the Orphan Asylum, of that city, and $1000 to the committee of the Grand Army of the Republic having in charge the Soldiers' Monument at Forest Town Cemetery.

—Mr. WHITTIER leads a very simple and methodical life at his home in Amesbury, Massachusetts. His time is devoted to his books, with the exception of one hour in the forenoon and one hour in the afternoon. During these intervals he is always to be found at the post-office, or reading the Boston papers in a book-store. He occupies two rooms in a pleasant home.

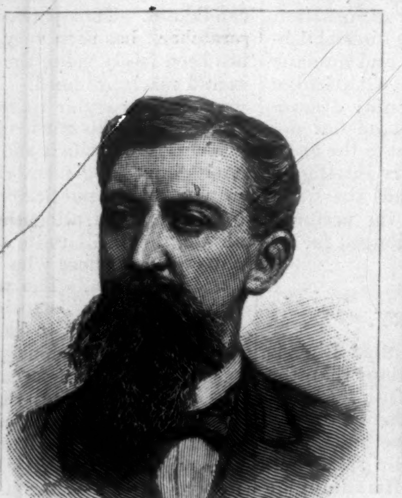
—Bishop SMITH, of Kentucky, presiding bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, is now the oldest bishop of the English-speaking churches. He was consecrated forty-nine years ago (October 31, 1832). Bishops HOPKINS, MCILVAINE, and DOANE were consecrated on the same day in St. Paul's Chapel in this city. Bishop SMITH is the only remaining bishop who was consecrated by Bishop WHITE, and also the only one on the list of American bishops who has exceeded Bishop WHITE in the number of years of his episcopate.



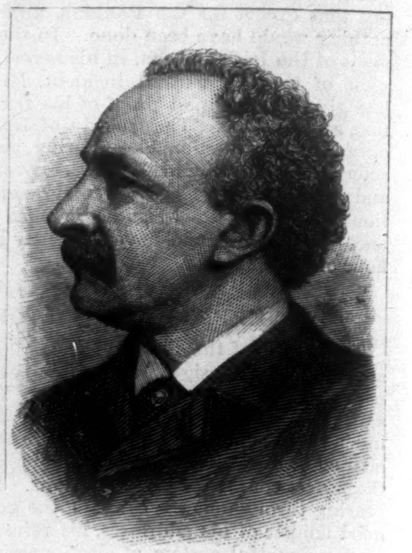
THE HON. L. F. HUBBARD, GOVERNOR-ELECT OF MINNESOTA.—PHOTO. BY ZIMMERMAN.



GEN. JEREMIAH M. RUSK, GOVERNOR-ELECT OF WISCONSIN.—PHOTO. BY REICHMANN & SIEBERT.



THE HON. W. E. CAMERON, GOVERNOR-ELECT OF VIRGINIA.—PHOTO. BY REES.



DANIEL G. ROLLINS, SURROGATE-ELECT. PHOTO. BY KURTZ.

NEW GOVERNORS.

ELECTIONS for Governor were held in five States this fall—Massachusetts, Virginia, Mississippi, Wisconsin, and Minnesota. In Massachusetts, Governor LONG, whose portrait was given in the WEEKLY for January 10, 1880, was re-elected by 30,000 majority. Minnesota gave a majority of about 40,000 for the Republican candidate, the Hon. L. F. HUBBARD, although there was a general feeling of apathy in the ranks of both parties, and the vote was light in comparison with that of a Presidential election. The same feeling prevailed in Wisconsin also, where the registry of voters was one-fourth less than two years ago; and the total vote was still further reduced by the almost impassable condition of the country roads in the northern portion of the State. This will account for the small plurality by which the Republican candidate, General JEREMIAH M. RUSK, was elected. The Democratic candidate in Mississippi, Mr. ROBERT LOWRY, was of course elected by the Democratic method usual in that State.

The contest in Virginia was very bitter. There were to be elected a Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, Attorney-General, one-half of the State Senate, and a full House of Delegates; and at the same time an amendment to the Constitution of 1870 was to be voted upon, striking out the requirement for the payment of a capitation tax as a qualification to vote. The Anti-Bourbon or Readjuster candidates for State officers were elected by large majorities. The Readjusters also secured a majority in the State Legislature, and the constitutional amendment was adopted.

THE NEW SURROGATE.

THE election of Mr. DANIEL G. ROLLINS to the important position of Surrogate in this city gives unqualified satisfaction without distinction of party. The integrity of his character, and the marked ability with which he has filled public offices in the past, have won for him the entire confidence of the community. Mr. ROLLINS was elected by a large majority over the candidate indorsed by Tammany Hall.

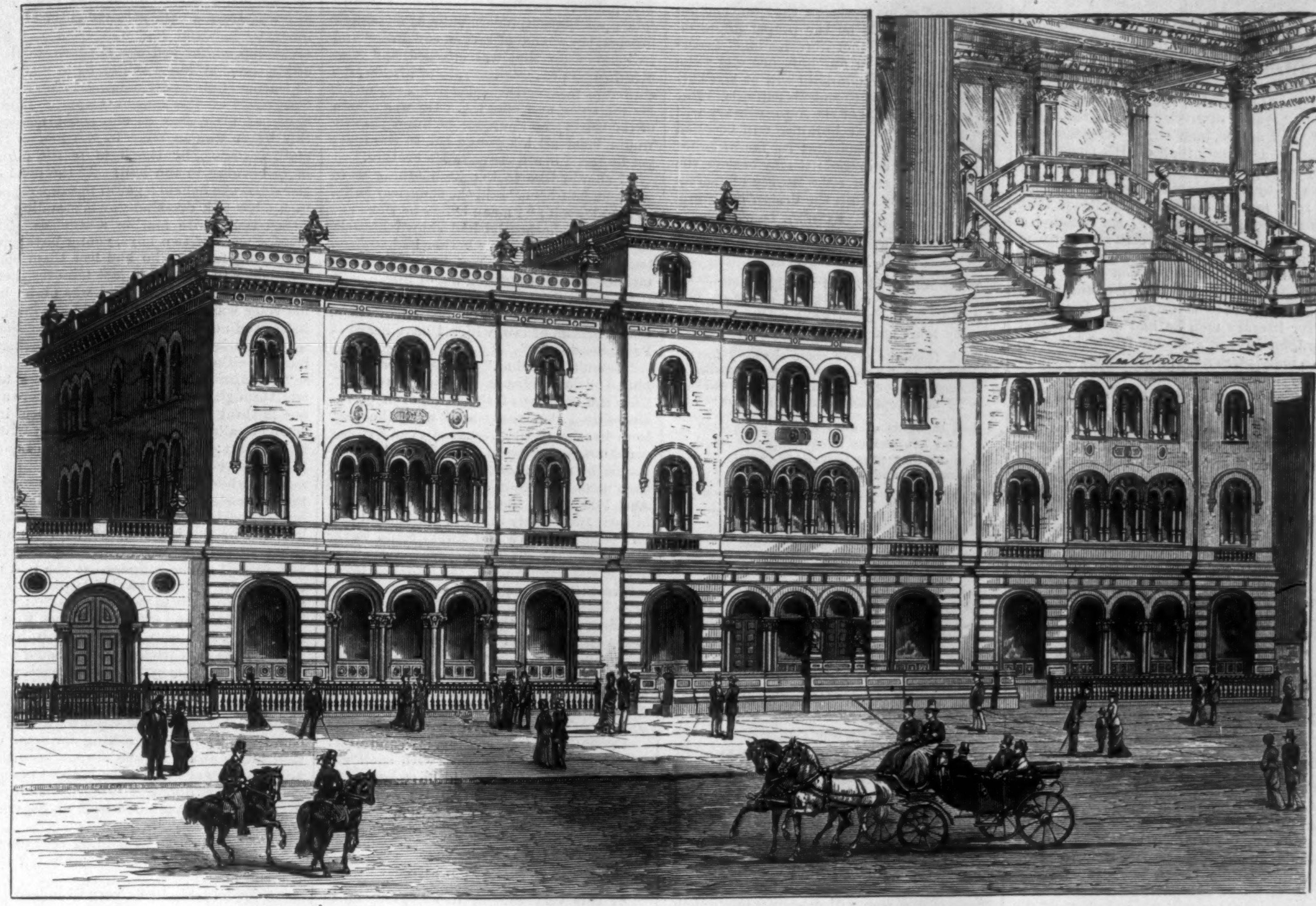
Mr. ROLLINS is a native of Great Falls, New Hampshire, where he was born in 1842. His father was the Judge of Probate of Stratford County, in that State, and was a very popular man. Young ROLLINS was a very bright boy. Having finished his early schooling in his native village, he entered Dartmouth College, where he was graduated before reaching his eighteenth year. He was salutatorian of his class, and among his fellow-graduates were many young men who, like himself, have risen to distinction in their chosen walks in life.

Mr. ROLLINS studied law in the Harvard Law School, and graduated in 1862. He was admitted to the bar of New Hampshire in 1863, and practiced his profession in Portland, Maine. In 1866 he came to this city, and accepted the appointment of Assistant United States District Attorney under DANIEL S. DICKINSON, and retained the position under the subsequent administrations of United States District Attorneys COURTNEY and PIERREPONT. In 1869 Mr. ROLLINS returned to private practice as a member of the law firm of which Mr. THOMAS HARLAND was the other partner. He practiced extensively in the United States courts until January 1, 1873, when, at the request of Mr. PHELPS, who then took office, he accepted the position of Assistant District Attorney. Mr. PHELPS had great confidence in Mr. ROLLINS's ability as a public prosecutor, and in the latter years of his administration intrusted to him all of the more important prosecutions in the courts of General Sessions and Oyer and Terminer.

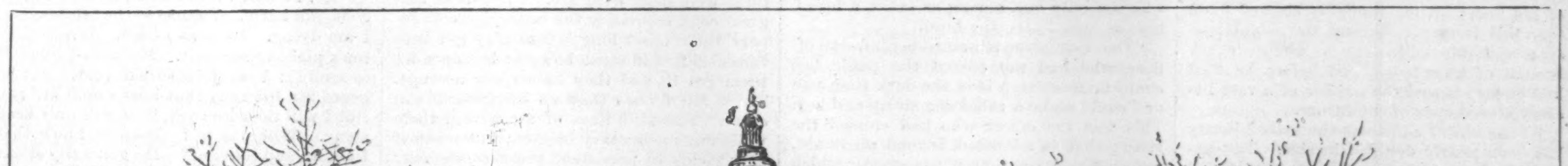
In January last Mr. ROLLINS was appointed by Governor CORNELL to fill the unexpired term of the late Mr. PHELPS in the office of District Attorney for the City and County of New York—a position which his familiarity with its duties, acquired in a service of eight years as Assistant District Attorney, qualified him to hold with general satisfaction.

THE "ATALANTA." THE "TIDAL WAVE." THE "MISCHIEF." THE "GRACIE."

THE RACE FOR THE "AMERICA" CUP—COMING UP FROM SANDY HOOK.—DRAWN BY J. O. DAVIDSON.—[SEE PAGE 779.]



THE NEW PORTION OF THE ASTOR LIBRARY BUILDING.—[See Page 774.]



THE OFF YEAR IN POLITICS—"A FALLING OFF OF VOTES."

THE ASTOR LIBRARY ENLARGED.

THE Astor Library grew up from the prudent foresight of two remarkable men. It was the favorite project of WASHINGTON IRVING, which he was enabled to carry out by the liberality of JOHN JACOB ASTOR. ASTOR'S keen, active, busy mind was interested easily in all literary topics. His success in trade was due to his mental clearness. He grew rich by enterprises that seemed to other men rash, and by distant speculations that were apparently visionary. He founded a settlement on the Pacific coast when it was a savage wilderness, and bought and sold with an intuitive perception of coming events. Although not highly educated, he was always glad to be instructed. For books and for literary men he had always a real regard, for IRVING a sincere friendship. To such a man it was a real satisfaction to found a library, for he could easily be made sensible of its value, and his keen intellect was accustomed to look into the future. He was desirous of supplying a want that our city had always felt, and of gratifying at once his friend and posterity.

WASHINGTON IRVING'S reverie in the British Museum is one of his most ingenious pieces. He sleeps in the midst of black-letter folios, and sees the literary pilferers collect their rich plunder. He had perhaps felt himself in youth the need of a library. He could hardly have written the *History of New York* without many books, for it is full of learning. In Europe he had seen the comparative wealth of its chief cities, and felt the poverty of his own. In 1840 there was no library in the country of any importance. IRVING projected one that should afford material for scholars and open new fields of literary research. The money and much of the intelligence were supplied by ASTOR, the simplicity and good sense of the plan. IRVING contributed perhaps the higher refinements of letters. The plan was perfected, and happily a librarian was provided by good fortune the best suited of all for the work. Few men have left a more lasting impress upon the literary taste of the country than Dr. COGSWELL. He was a lover of books so sincere and ardent as to equal the most famous bibliographers of the past. He was a thorough, careful scholar. His friends IRVING, HALLECK, BANCROFT, TICKNOR, PRESCOTT, RIPLEY, and a wide circle of literary men at home and abroad, aided him in his labors. He was never weary of his task; all his thoughts seemed fixed upon his library. He laid the foundation of a valuable collection in almost every branch of knowledge, and before he died had clearly traced the outline of a vast literary store-house of the future.

By the recent additions the Astor Library has been nearly doubled in size. The liberality of the ASTOR family has provided it with new facilities for the scholar. JOHN JACOB ASTOR gave in money $400,000; WILLIAM, his son, $519,516 55; and his grandson JOHN JACOB, for the new building, $250,000. The whole endowment amounts to $1,125,139—a gift from a single family seldom equalled. The new building is convenient, and even splendid. The books are free to all; they number about 200,000. Yet it can scarcely be said that the Astor Library, or all the libraries of New York united, are worthy of the chief city of the republic. Before the European collections they seem small and imperfect. The Astor Library has only 200,000 volumes; the British Museum has 1,800,000. The Bibliothèque of Paris boasts even a larger number. Berlin and St. Petersburg have great libraries open to every scholar; Florence, Rome, and Naples spread out their literary treasures. The Astor Library in thirty years has scarcely reached the size of some collections of the smaller European cities, and at its present rate of increase will not in many years grow to an extent proportionate to the wants of American scholarship.

Yet it has been already of great use to authors, scholars, and inventors. Its treasures in bibliography are rich and rare. It can show the first edition of Shakspeare, the early works of FAUST and CAXTON, the first edition of "Paradise Lost," the rarest and richest manuscripts, the most costly illustrations. But, above all, the careful outlines in scholarship and science laid down by Dr. COGSWELL are being carefully filled out. Many an American author in the past twenty years has found the rare value of this well-chosen collection, and has profited by the wisdom and liberality of its founders. It has already returned to the city a thousandfold its cost. It has enabled many books to be written that would otherwise have been laid aside. It has helped the press, and stimulated research. It has been singularly fortunate in its founders. The keen, clear intellect of JOHN JACOB ASTOR designed it as a teacher of pure republicanism and simplicity. The delicate genius of IRVING may well preside over its literary tendencies. The intense love of books and of his vocation that marked its first librarian will be the proper guide of his successors. Other libraries must necessarily spring up in our immense city; the demands of its scholarship will at last surpass even those of European capitals. But the fine collections of the Astor Library will also grow; its great building will be filled with books and students; its facilities for study must be enlarged; it may become the centre of the great civic library of the future, and amply fulfill the design of its creators.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

AT MIDNIGHT.

WHAT sorrow fills that midnight hour
When, all in vain, I strive to sleep,
And while the moon looks coldly down,
My heart and soul a vigil keep!

Back from the grave come shadowy forms
To moan, "Full many tears we've shed
Because of you." Ah, Heav'n! 'tis sad
To hear reproaches from the dead.

And thoughts of all I should have done
And left undone flit through my mind,
And as they pass they leave regret,
Remorse, and bitterness behind.

And from my heart and soul I cry,
"O God, I pray that Thou mayst be
More merciful when Thee I meet
Than is my conscience unto me."

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1251, Vol. XXIV.]

CHRISTOWELL.

A Dartmoor Tale.

BY R. D. BLACKMORE,

AUTHOR OF "MARY ANERLEY," "LORNA DOONE," "CRIPPS, THE CARRIER," ETC.

CHAPTER XL.—(*Continued.*)

THE NOBLEST MAN.

"THEIR friends across the river took the feeling at a breath. Like frogs on the leap they sprang over the bridge, caught their horses, and clung to their necks, while they spurred them anyhow, anywhere, anywhither, to be out of that black devilish wood. Three or four were killed against the branches; the others caught the main lot, and added to their terror. Bridles were not dreamed of; all was spur and lie-along; and horses' throats were knocked up by the heels of horses. 'The devil take the hindmost' was the only cue, among as brave a lot of men as ever feared the Lord.

"One man alone remained behind—an officer, who had not shared the panic, but could no more stop it in the dark than you or I could make a rabid dog sit up and beg. This was the officer who had crossed the river; that is admitted beyond all doubt, and shown by a curious circumstance, which I shall remember by-and-by, perhaps. The brother in command (the senior in the regiment, though the younger by birth) should have certainly done this, because that was the side where the attack would be; however, it appears from his own statement that the elder brother, Philip, was the brave one. The younger brother was the cause of all the shame, which was clearly shown to have begun with the officer who remained in command on our own side of the Tagus.

"The rest of the story, my dear Julia, goes into a very few words, and I am sure I owe you many thanks for having listened to so long a tale with so much patience. Our great commander, after sifting all the facts, so far as the hurry of the time permitted, referred the matter home; for the sentence of court-martial, confirmed by himself, could not be set aside lightly. Home influence was brought to bear, no doubt, for the father of the two young men stood high with the government, and had a special hold, it was said, upon his Royal Highness. How that may have been I can not say; but such things never seem to fail of their due weight. The upshot of it was that the 'Headlong Hussars' (as we called them until they redeemed their disgrace by dying almost to a man in battle) lost both the officers of that great night scare. The younger was cashiered, and the elder threw up his commission, with applause, having acted nobly, and saved his poor brother at the risk of his own life."

"But, Uncle John," cried Julia Touchwood, who had listened most attentively to that long story, "you know best, of course, because you were there, and saw it all, which makes all the difference; but for my part I see nothing wonderfully noble in a man jumping suddenly before a lot of guns to save his own brother from their contents. Why, I would have done as much as that for Dicky. You may think I am boasting, and perhaps I am. But I feel sure that I could do that much."

"So do I. I know you would," Colonel Westcombe answered, quietly. In "moments of excitement we think nothing of our lives. This noble action was not that. The nobility was that a nobleman should take upon himself, for the sake of a younger brother, the shame of arrant cowardice and treachery—for that was charged, and supposed to be proven—the ruin of his life, the contempt forever, the scorn to his regiment, his relatives, and country. He was a man of the world; he knew it; he knew that he would blast all his young life to the root; yet he faced it all—to save his brother."

"I should like to know something as to what he had been," said the skeptical Julia, as if to herself; "I mean before he went out to Spain—whether he had shown himself so very noble then, or whether he had been loose and slippery. You knew what his brother was, but nothing about him."

"But, my dear child, these were the facts, according to his own confession of them. It is a maxim of law, which I have heard at Petty Sessions—"

"I don't care that," she answered, snapping her long, strong, tapering forefinger, "for the maxims of the laws, even of the Medes and Persians, which were the only laws worthy having, because even bribery could not change them. My plan is to judge people by their nature, in accordance with their acts and their characters and looks. And I say that the man who had proved himself thoroughly brave in a thousand perils could not have run away, could never have given the shameful order to run away, and would have stuck to the bridge of boats forever, till Spanish starvation made him drop between them."

"But suppose that he was bribed, my dear, or had some other crooked motive. Something of the sort seemed to be implied in some side words, or—"

"Uncle John, I am quite ashamed of you. A man who saved your life, and stood to be shot at as well as even you could do!"

"Well, it is mean, shabby, low, and nasty of my mind to be crossed with such vile ideas. And it never could have happened to me but for the quantity of the world that I have seen."

CHAPTER XLI.

DULY EXECUTED.

AT this very time there was going on in London that sad but inevitable work of nature, the death of an old and once powerful man. A breath of great heat had gone into the town, crossing the Thames from light-soiled hills and commons where fern and furze were dead with fire. Great heat and great cold, especially the latter, have to repeat their onset long before they get into those brick and stone bowels; but once let them get in, and they have their revenge. There are forests that no brief storm can enter. The still mass of air within them walls out momentary impact; but when it once yields to persistent pressure, the fury of the baffled wind is greater than on the open plains outside. So now, in this great September heat, London was a living furnace. Mrs. Giblets and her daughter Mary, accustomed to fine country air, and even Mr. and Mrs. Snacks and baby Snacks, lay prostrate.

At the great house within the old ivied walls a special batch of hot air settled down, so that the crusty bricks were like a baker's, the windows like oven doors, the grass-plots cracked as wide as a frog-jump, and the elms crisped off, with leaves as brown as the wares of a London greengrocer. The people inside, with the usual urban wisdom, threw all the windows open, thus sucking in (to cool themselves) air thirty degrees hotter than that of the house. So that the big house, which might have stood a siege of a week's heat with the port-holes down, was as hot in a day as the heat outside.

When this had gone on for three days, with a blazing sun, and hazy nights that nursed the sun's work till he came back, when every slate was like a fire-tile, and every window-sill a hearth-stone, and an egg might reasonably have been roasted on the wood-work of the frames, it happened that the last room in the house that contained any cool air lost it. This was the largest room of all, the ball-room of the younger days, now made into two by a great black screen, for the sick lord to sit and to sleep in. The door, a double one, with heavy purple hangings, faced the head of the broad old staircase, which was made of chestnut-wood, with steps of only two-inch rise; for the ancestors of our present builders considered ladies' ankles and their lovers' tightened knees.

Now, in the depth of this hot dark night, when the doors were thrown open, with a needless weight to stop them, and not even a window-blind had the life to rustle, at the head of the stairs, a loud voice cried, "Lewis! Lewis! my son Lewis!"

The deep hollow sound, and the loneliness of it, frightened every weltering heart at first; and they whispered in the darkness, "It is no concern of mine." But the housekeeper, Mrs. Tubbs, to set a good example, ordered back her trembles, and came out. She was dressed very nicely—as she always liked to be—and had not even put her night-cap on, for bed was the hottest place of all, she said, but was dozing in a stamped leather chair, and dreaming, in her chintz "pegnor," of the absent Captain Tubbs. With as little fear as she could manage, this brave woman stole to the foot of the main staircase, by the light of the night-lamp burning in the hall. At the head of the stairs she beheld a gaunt figure wrapped in a blue silk dressing-gown, standing between two white marble statuettes. The effigies were of two boys, young boys; and the dying father, who had lost them both, was come to spend his last minutes there. The weak breath of his end was nigh; but his voice was clear, and his mind as keen as in days of noblest arrogance. In the shadow of the images he spread one withered hand to either, and lamented.

"One, through wild indulgence, gone; and one, through savage tyranny! Is there any one faithful to me? How can I expect it?" Then he called, with the pain of great wrong in his heart: "Lewis! Lewis! my son Lewis! If I could see you before I die!"

Meanwhile Mrs. Tubbs (who was growing rather stout, from dining every Sunday with her dear friend Mrs. Snacks) was working her way up the big staircase; for his lordship's despair of any loyalty had touched her, as well as the sadness—so she told the undertaker—"of him having two images of boys, not grown into any breeches yet; when he might have had two live officers, with as much gold-lace as a footman, if it hadn't been for his own wickedness." Being a woman, she forgot every bit of his wickedness now, in his wretchedness.

"My lord," she said, approaching very carefully, because of the shadows, and of his condition, "you were asking for some one faithful to you. I have always been that, and have always borne the highest possible character for honesty, integrity, industry, high principle, combined with an eagerness to oblige—"

"Then oblige me by holding your tongue. Oh, Tubbs! Of course it is Tubbs. Tubbs, come in here."

"Your lordship looks very ill indeed," observed the lady, entering the large room, with some fear—for a pair of wax candles were but timid ghosts of light. "Let me put on my bonnet, my lord—I have no fear—and run for Sir John this moment."

"No, Tubbs; Sir John can do me no more good, nor harm. Thanks to the fish-monger, I am dying. He sent no ice. It was Gaston's place to see to it. He bribed him not to send it; I am quite sure of that. For he heard Sir John say that heat would kill me. But I will floor him yet, if he will only keep away. Where is he? Does he know that I am up and moving? He generally sticks to me as tight as any horse-leech."

"He must have heard your lordship's call; but you know what Mr. Gaston is in a thunder-storm. And though I have not heard thunder yet, I saw a bright flash of lightning, just before your lordship shouted." Even as she spoke a pale blue current flickered through the gloomy room.

"I did not call. I was talking to myself. Lightning again! If it would only last for two hours, I would fight off death."

Mrs. Tubbs started; for the flash was much nearer, and a long peal of thunder rumbled through the house. "That will drive him into the coal-cellar," she said; "he has no fear of God, or of Satan; but he can't abide a thunder-storm."

The old man, trembling (not with fear, but weakness), went to the great coved window facing to the southeast, whence the tempest was approaching. "The curtains are too heavy; draw them back, that I may see the night." Following his steps and order, the housekeeper drew the hangings back; but of the night there was nothing to be seen except black distance. Then there came a lifting flash that showed St. Paul's and the two shot towers—a far-away flash upon the Kentish hills.

"Gaston is a coward," said the earl, as he fell into a chair and wiped his forehead; "the storm is twenty miles away as yet. Tubbs, are you afraid of summer lightning?"

"Not I, my lord. In the very worst of weather, I feels myself under the hand of the Lord. Mr. Gaston, you know, has been struck by lightning; and a burnt child—"

"Tubbs, you shall have a thousand pounds if you fetch me a lawyer while I sit here alive. Give me my elixir first. Double quantity—all in the bottle. When the cold comes, after the storm, I shall die."

As the housekeeper hurried down the stairs she peeped into Mr. Gaston's room, which commanded the approach to the old earl's quarters, as well as a general survey of the basement. The red-faced man was not there; he had fled to the cellarage, under the pantries and kitchen, as the surest refuge from the storm. Mrs. Tubbs turned

her nose up, for she hated that man, if possible, more than she feared him; and then, with feminine insolence, she took his best umbrella from the stand, and quitted the premises by the little door where poor Mrs. Snacks had been so unwell.

There was no rain yet; but flips of reflected lightning, here, there, and everywhere, shone upon the roadway, or flickered at the corner, or flitted behind some big tree or black house. Mrs. Tubbs went on bravely; of all the works of the Lord she feared man only, finding him to be the only bad one. She said this to herself, to make the best of things—because there were no men about, but plenty of the higher works of Providence—as she hastened toward "Amalgamation Villa," the hospitable abode of Mr. Snacks.

That gentleman was up, and wide-awake, carefully conning share lists—for the weather was never too hot for that—and as soon as he had heard the tale he went for his hat, a writing-case, and a double-barrelled pistol, which he loaded and pocketed without the knowledge of the ladies. "Now, we'll checkmate the red-faced man," he said to Mrs. Tubbs as they set forth together. "No lawyer in the land can draw a better will than I can. Ha! here comes the rain, and in earnest too! Take my arm, madam; I will keep you dry."

The old house was shaken to its deep foundations by the din of rolling thunder, and the long windows glared with the fire of the skies; but the old earl was sitting with the leaded lattice open, cherishing the last breath of above-ground air. The butler of the house, a very timid old dependent, had been sent up by the housekeeper before she hurried forth. He was standing by the curtain now, overcome with want of courage, flinching from the lightning and the tempest roar outside; flinching even worse from that which he must soon look straight at—the growth of death before him—and still, from habit, peering toward the staircase door in fleshly dread of his bugbear, Mr. Gaston.

"Here I am, my lord," said Mr. Snacks, advancing boldly, "grieved to hear how much your lordship has suffered from the recent heat. At last the change has come, and I hope it will benefit your lordship."

"That is no concern of yours. You are here to draw my will. To what firm do you belong?"

"The long-established firm, your lordship, of Snacks, Giblets, Tucker, & Co. I am the senior partner, William Snacks, entirely at your service."

"If you were not respectable," said the earl, with his old keen look revived—for he did not like the style of man—"Tubbs would not have called you in. And if you can draw a valid will, it does not matter who you are. Now put into legal form what I tell you. 'I, Earl Delapole'—describing me aright—'leave all that I have to dispose of to my only surviving son, Lewis Arthur, now Viscount Pole, for his absolute use, and I appoint him my sole executor, if he be surviving. But if he be dead, I leave all the above to his children, if any; and if none, to the right heirs of my lands and titles, appointing in that case as my executor Mr. Thomas Latimer, of the firm of Latimer & Emblin, who have long been my solicitors. For legacies, I leave £1000 to Mrs. Tubbs, my housekeeper; to each of my domestic servants, £50; and to my agent, George Gaston, the pair of felt slippers which he stole from me to come skulking about my door at night.' Be sure you put that in. Tell me when you are ready."

Entering into the spirit of the man—hot and imperious to the last—Snacks, with his writing materials ready, called for a large supply of candles; for the play of lightning round the house and across the open windows dimmed, and sometimes seemed to quench, the pale and feeble light inside. Then, with a good many amplifications and fine sweep of verbiage, in the manner of the most accomplished lawyer—who after slaying his slain three times drags him nine times round the walls—Mr. Snacks discharged his meaning, and comparatively that of the testator also. "There is no time to waste in words; put it anyhow," said the earl, who knew much more of law than his new lawyer. "I have little to dispose of. The land is all secured. The chief thing is about executor. Gaston was that; but he won't be now. I feel better. It has done me good to discharge this bit of business. Snacks, you shall have fifty guineas—though you are no lawyer, any more than I am, and I remember something about you now—when you bring me a receipt for this concern from Latimer & Emblin. They are to keep it dark, you know—not to write to me about it—only to see that it is valid, and give you a private receipt for it. Now let us have the witnesses. Tubbs is no good; Tubbs is a fat legatee—no allusion to your figure, loyal Tubbs. I am not going to die yet; don't you think it. I love the lightning; it has set me free. Be off, all of you, as soon as this is done with. I shall go to sleep exactly as I am. Give the devil legal notice that I don't intend to die."

His lordship was right. After duly executing this last will and testament, he turned over in his chair, and his mind was so relieved that he enjoyed a bowl of ox-tail soup next morning.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE TRANSPLANTATION OF BONE.

The engrafting of flesh is a surgical feat which has been frequently accomplished with success; but the first-known instance of transplanting a piece of bone from one living person to another was announced at a recent meeting of the Royal Society of England. In 1878, a young child was admitted into the Glasgow Infirmary with necrosis, or mortification of the right humerus, or bone of the upper arm. The mortified part was removed from the bone, but even after fifteen months no fresh bone had grown to fill up the gap. This extended to two-thirds of the entire shaft, and it became necessary to try and transplant a piece of alien bone into the place. On three several occasions portions of living bone were transplanted into the child's arm, the pieces being obtained from osseous wedges which had to be excised from the healthy bones of other patients. The pieces were divided into many small fragments before being applied, and in course of time they united together into a solid rod, thereby converting a helpless arm into a useful one. The operation is of great importance as demonstrating that a piece of transplanted bone is capable of living and growing on another system, to the benefit of the latter.

THE TENEMENT-HOUSE CALAMITY.

The sudden collapse of two old tenement-houses in this city a few days ago is a shocking illustration of the ignorance of builders, the inhumanity of some landlords, and the utter imbecility of the department whose business it is to protect the community against the possibility of such calamities.

To most people it would seem that the best thing to have done with a building half a century old, or more, resting on crumbling foundations laid in wet "made ground," and carried up on rotten walls, was to pull it down, and substitute for it a structure that was not likely to tumble into the street one day and bury its living inmates beneath its ruins. But the owners thought differently. Two years ago, instead of levelling it to the ground, or strengthening it as it then stood, they set about to "fix it up." The blundering stupidity with which this was done is almost incredible. The rickety concern could hardly stand as it was. It already staggered, so to speak, under the load it bore, and they undertook to "fix" it by giving it still more to carry. The corner building at the time referred to had a peaked roof, and was three stories high. The builder changed it into a four-story flat-roofed house. It is said that in making the alterations serious mistakes were made. The party-wall between the houses, which was twelve inches thick at the basement and eight inches thick on the upper floor, was strained and overweighted by the insertion of beams and the building of an additional floor, while a partition was taken away to make the bar-room larger, so that the beams of the second floor no longer rested on it, and oscillated whenever an elevated railroad train passed, thus weakening their hold in the walls. These risks were not warranted by the materials used in erecting the house fifty years ago. The wood-work was not first-class, and the bricks were laid in mortar which was as friable as brown sugar. Additional risk was incurred when, in re-arranging the saloon, heavy iron girders were put over the windows in Grand Street and South Fifth Avenue. An eight-inch iron column was placed in front of the entrance to the liquor store, which ran diagonally across the northwest corner of the store. On this column, for several days immediately prior to the accident, the whole weight of the building is said to have rested.

Strange to say, the Building Department, after a careful (?) inspection of the premises, gave the necessary permission to do the blundering work, the inspector declaring in his report that the building was "in a good and safe condition to be altered and enlarged in the manner proposed."

Two months ago the occupants of the house remarked that something was wrong. When trains passed on the elevated railroad, or heavy wagons went along Grand Street or South Fifth Avenue, it vibrated to an extraordinary degree. Furniture got out of place, articles left on tables fell from them, window-casings bulged, and doors could not be closed or opened. Six weeks ago, at night, several persons in the houses were startled by a crack and a jar, and discovered a yawning rent in the party-wall. One of the tenants spoke to his landlord, and insisted that a complaint be made to the proper authorities, and that the buildings should be repaired. The landlord says he complained to the Building Department, but that nothing was done. A second complaint brought an inspector, who examined the buildings, and reported them both unsafe. Why the owners or the authorities did not at once order the tenants out, nobody can tell. But the coroner's jury, if it does its duty, is very likely to ask the question, and to insist upon an answer.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

The question whether eggs should be sold by number or by weight has been under discussion in Paris. All of the usual arguments in favor of either method have been put forth. Men of mathematical and statistical proclivities have been at work on the problem, and have learned that eggs laid by the more generous fowls, such as Black Spanish, Houdans, and Creve-Cœurs, average seven to a pound, while Hamburgs and some other varieties lay eggs so small that nine or ten are required to tip the pound weight. It has not occurred to any ingenious Frenchman that, in view of the varying thickness of the shells, a more equitable method than either of those under discussion would be to open the eggs, and sell them at so much a quart for solid meats, as oysters are sold.

Henry Johnson, a colored man in Sumter County, South Carolina, procured from a conjurer a charmed bullet, and shot John Davis, with whose wife he was in love. He thought that he was thus protected from punishment, but to his surprise and that of the negro spectators in the court-room, he was found guilty of murder, and sentenced to be hanged. He still expects to escape the gallows, however, and his belief is strengthened by the fact that while his trial was going on two of the jurors were suddenly taken sick, and had to be replaced by others, and that within three hours after he was sentenced, the sheriff, a robust man in the prime of life, dropped dead.

The pen with which President Garfield wrote his last letter to his aged mother is in the possession of White House Steward Crump, who was a faithful attendant at the President's bedside until he was prostrated with malaria.

A man entered the dining-room of a hotel in Deming, New Mexico, rapped a guest over the head with the butt of his revolver to secure attention, and announced that he was "looking for somebody on the shoot." He found a person who answered to that description, and the ruffian was carried out with a bullet in his head.

A "boy preacher" has been tried before a Western Conference on several grave charges, among them swearing, drunkenness, lying, smoking, and "claiming to be a Republican when he was a Democrat." The last-named offense shows that he was not wholly callous as to what others might think of him.

A colored gallant who eloped from Richmond, Virginia, with the daughter of William Brown, will be surprised, perhaps, when he reads the description of his bride by one who should know. In an advertisement offering five dollars for her arrest her father describes the young woman as being "of a dark gingerbread-color, with a bushy head of hair and full eyebrows." Love may be blind, but the injured parent has no doubts as to the accuracy of his vision.

The Baron Haymerle, the Austro-Hungarian Premier, whose death occurred not long ago, died literally of a broken heart. The autopsy disclosed a rent more than an inch long in that organ. European physicians regard the case as one of extraordinary interest.

A wax figure of Guiteau has been placed in Madame Tussaud's "chamber of horrors." This is a fate that even the most vengeful of the writers of postal cards to the assassin had not invoked upon him.

An English newspaper has exclusive information to the effect that an agent has been sent from Ireland to gather potato-bugs in Colorado, to be let loose in the fields of England.

In order to stop a panic in his church, a clergyman in Bradford, Pennsylvania, led off in a hymn at the top of his voice. His singing was so unmusical that the congregation believed that he had become terrified beyond control, and the panic increased in violence.

Mr. Harlan, the mulatto who ran for the Ohio Legislature in a Republican district, and was defeated, visited President Arthur after the election. In the course of his call he remarked that he was "a half-breed, but not in politics."

The French soldiers in Tunis were presented with little plates of metal on which their names were engraved, to be fastened to strings worn around their necks. The soldiers were told that these tags would enable the survivors to identify the bodies of those who should fall in battle. It is not difficult to think of an occasion more cheerful than these presentations must have been.

The will of Gerhart Bechtel, who died some time ago in Berks County, Pennsylvania, contains this provision: "And I further disinherit and prohibit from participation in the distribution of my estate such of my male descendants as persist in wearing mustaches."

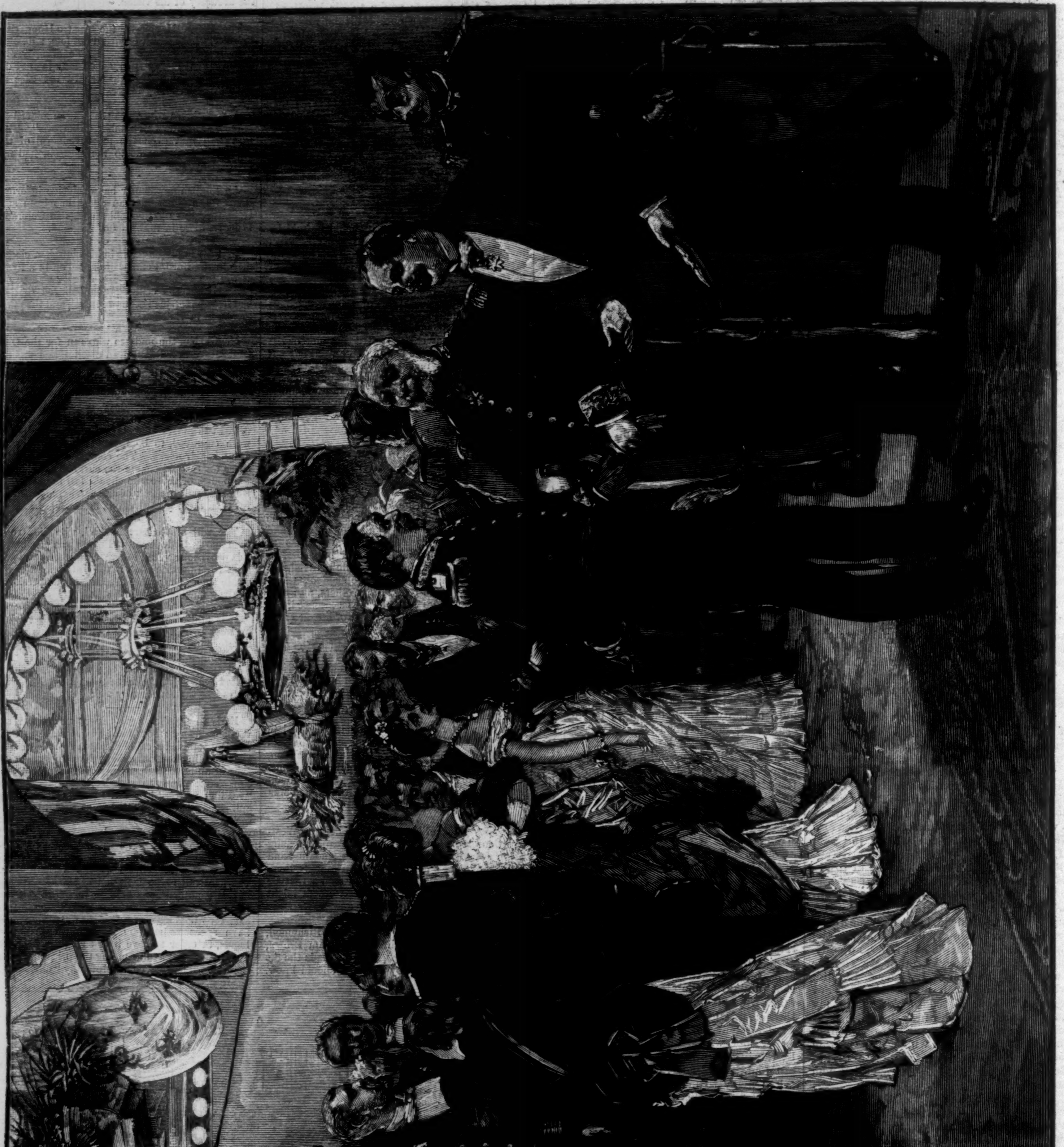
It is told of a veteran horse-trader that when he went to sell the carcass of one of his unfortunate purchases to a soap-fat man, he not only felt compelled to speak at length concerning the kind disposition of the animal, but knowingly stated the age of the horse to be some five or six years less than it actually was.

Early in October a prominent newspaper advertising agent whose head-quarters are in Connecticut received a cable dispatch from his correspondent in London asking him to procure a copy of an advertisement that had been sent to a New York paper, to secure its publication as "reading matter" in all the papers of standing published south of Philadelphia, and to charge the expense to his account. The advertisement was an ingeniously worded attempt to "bull" Confederate bonds. The instructions were carried out, and the costs of correspondence by cable and of advertising were not a small item. The gentleman who attended to the advertising in this country knows nothing further about the London scheme; but it is evident that the persons for whom his correspondent was acting must have spent some time collecting Confederate bonds, in order to have held enough of them to warrant the outlay in running the price up to the point at which they could profitably "unload."

THE FONTAINE LOCOMOTIVE.

This locomotive, a companion to which has been in use for some time on the Canadian Southern Railway, presents some novel features of construction. It has two sets of driving-wheels, one resting upon the other as shown in our illustration. The larger driving-wheels are secured to an elevated axle above the boiler, running in boxes supported by a strongly braced frame. These wheels do not touch the rails, but have a firm frictional contact with the under set. The motion communicated to the upper wheels is transmitted to the lower ones by means of friction only. The lower wheels are constructed with two treads, the periphery resting upon the rails. The other and smaller tread supports the upper wheels, which are of somewhat greater diameter.

The inventors of this locomotive, which was constructed at the Grant Locomotive-Works, at Paterson, New Jersey, claim that it is capable of attaining a speed of ninety miles an hour; but, after trial on the Pennsylvania Railroad, experts declare that the damage to the tracks is greater than the economy in time, and that while upon a perfectly straight road the locomotive might make a splendid performance, it is not adapted to contending with the difficulties presented by heavy grades and sharp curves. An officer of the Pennsylvania road says of it: "Now, for instance, we take an engine of the kind known as 'long-legged loco. No. 10,' hitch on ten cars, and start her off. Away she goes, swinging around curves and climbing mountain-sides, and giving the speed that the builder calculated in his model. I doubt if the Fontaine engine could make any kind of time up a mountain-side with one car, and I should feel considerably alarmed in a swing around a curve behind the new machine. You can rest assured that such a style of engine will never be adopted on this road, and I do not think it will be wanted in the West, for it could not run against the heavy winds they have on roads out there."



BALL IN HONOR OF OUR FRENCH AND GERMAN GUESTS AT THE METROPOLITAN CASINO.—Drawn by Félix Régamey.—[See Page 779.]

"THIRTY-TWO POUNDS, MASSA!"—Drawn by J. W. Alexander.

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1288.]

FOR CASH ONLY.

By JAMES PAYN,

Author of "From Exile," "Under One Roof," "Walter's Word," "Won—not Wooed," "What He Cost Her," etc.

CHAPTER XIV.—(*Continued.*)

SEEING THE LIONS.

Herbert took him first to the office and introduced him to that magnate, who sat in commercial state, surrounded by speaking-tubes, and in communication with half a dozen telegraphs. The worthy knight secretly held his visitor in much the same light as Dr. Johnson would have regarded a dancing-master, but it was curious to see how a few well-chosen words and honeyed sentences soon won his favor: he liked his flattery in slabs, and Mr. Roden laid it on with a trowel. The knight was studiously courteous to his partner's guest and relative, but if the task of conciliation had devolved upon him, he would certainly not have acquitted himself with such dexterity as his companion. If war had chanced to have been declared between them, what very different things they would have said of one another! But the fact is that men of shallow feelings and no convictions get on together in the path of life (so long as it doesn't come to jostling) far more agreeably than their betters.

"A well-informed and intelligent man," was Sir Peter's verdict on his visitor, as he left the room, to visit those works which in his eyes, he said, had always been "the archetype of England's commercial greatness."

Mr. Roden's admiration for the establishment of Messrs. Fibbert & Lyster was not, however, unmixed with awe; he had a wholesome dread of cogs and wheels, and was exceedingly afraid of being caught in the machinery. At the very first start, indeed, his prudence was nearly the death of him, for in placing a safe distance between himself and the "cotton opener," he backed on to the "scutching machine," and was within an ace of being disposed of (in small pieces) as "refuse material."

From that moment, as Herbert afterward remarked with some humor, the keenest apprehension seemed to possess him lest the termination of his earthly career should be "to be reeled off into the finest cotton thread, and sold for 1000 yards of it, when in truth he only made 500." When his guide observed, "We are now going into the card-room," he brightened up a little, under the impression, perhaps, that he was at last to see something familiar; but the room, I need not say, was not such as he expected, and (except that it had "flats" in it) by no means reproduced the apartment of the same name at the Ranunculus.

In one portion of the machinery, however, Mr. Roden seemed to take particular interest—the "throstle frame." It may have been that some poetical association with the songster of the wood attracted him to it, but at all events he tarried there for some minutes watching the bobbins and those who ministered to their needs. On the conclusion of their visit of inspection, they chanced to meet Percy, to whom Mr. Roden was most gracious and effusive. It gave him the most unfeigned pleasure, he said, to meet the future husband of his beloved niece; not only congratulated him on that event, but ventured to congratulate himself upon the prospect of becoming connected, however indirectly, with the great house of Fibbert. And Percy answered him, with the least curve of his lip, in the same high strain, while Herbert stood by biting his lips and wishing the ground to open. Nor were his embarrassments at an end when that interview was over, for as they went out together they came upon Gerald, with whom Mr. Roden affably entered into conversation about his duties, though, as Gerald's time was mostly passed in evading them, he could hardly be expected to be enthusiastic on the topic, and indeed showed his indifference to it very clearly.

"To me," said Mr. Roden, "I confess everything has been intensely interesting; and, by-the-bye, what an uncommonly pretty girl was attending to that throstle frame of yours!"

"It isn't my throstle frame," said Gerald, turning very red.

"Nay, I only say 'yours' because Herbert told me it was included in your department. The young woman I speak of seems wonderfully dexterous with her fingers, but so, indeed, were all of them; what struck me in her case was her singular beauty and her delicacy. It occurred to me—not of course that it's my business—that she ought not to be staring about so much."

"I don't know, I am sure," said Gerald, picking some refuse from the floor with elaborate care, as if it had been a drawing-room carpet. "We employ so many hands that we don't know one from the other."

As Mr. Roden and his cicerone returned home, the former returned to this subject.

"One has heard of the want of sympathy between employers and employed in the manufacturing districts," he said, "so different from the charming feudal feeling still to be found between landlords and tenants, but that Gerald should not know one 'hand,' or rather one face, from another—and especially such a very pretty one—eh, don't it strike you as peculiar?" and Mr. Roden nudged his nephew with the handle of his umbrella in a very significant manner.

"My dear sir," said Herbert, "the conditions of life are so different here to what they are in the south. A man doesn't respect his employers less because he doesn't touch his hat to him, or call him 'sir.' Our people are more independent."

"Tut! tut! you are fencing with me. I suppose it is not in nature that a young man should not so much as inquire the name of a pretty girl with whom he is brought into daily contact, however distant. Come, now, I'll bet a shilling you know the name of that girl yourself."

"Well, as it happens," said Herbert, with as indifferent a tone as he could assume, "I do."

"Indeed! Yet Master Gerald, in whose department she works, has never acquired that information. There is an absence of curiosity about that young man which, if one was disposed to be uncharitable, one would say is rarely found associated with naïve simplicity. The idea of his trying to hoodwink *me!*" added Mr. Roden, with indignation, as though Justice herself had been submitted to that indignity. "I have a deuced good mind to tell his father."

"Pray don't, sir," exclaimed Herbert, gravely; "my uncle Lyster has trouble enough upon his mind already."

"Ho! ho! there *is* a scandal, then, about this very young woman and Master Gerald, is there?"

"I am sorry to say there is."

"Well, well; I will be as discreet as Memnon. But I acknowledge to sharing one passion with the gentler sex—that of curiosity. What is this interesting young person's name?"

"Her name is Rachel Warder."

CHAPTER XV.

A DISSATISFIED GUEST.

The astuteness displayed by Mr. Roden in connection with the heroine of the throstle frame made a great impression on Herbert Newton. A certain simplicity as regards social matters is generally found associated with scientific pursuits, and the manner in which the man of the world's suspicions had been excited, and the rapidity with which he had come to his conclusions, had seemed to the young fellow almost miraculous. Though fully aware in his own case of the great results of exclusive application to one or two subjects, he did not understand that scandal and intrigue could be themselves objects of study, and that the idler—within certain narrow limits—can be a master craftsman as well as another.

As a rule, Mr. Roden was so wrapped up in his own affairs that his thoughts never strayed beyond them, but when they did so, the faults and follies of his fellow-sinners not seldom revealed themselves to him. Nor was this accomplished by any exceptional sagacity on his own part, since he always took their existence for granted, and, like a man who is given to prophecy, it necessarily happened that he was occasionally correct. As he had frankly confessed, he was also curious—a male gossip—and, like an Italian greyhound which has started a rabbit, having hit upon Master Gerald's delinquency, he felt that that sort of sport was his mission, and kept his ears pricked and his eyes open.

The afternoon was dedicated to a visit to the Fibbert Museum, to which Sir Peter himself had volunteered to act as his guide. It was really a handsome building, the erection of which had doubtless cost a vast deal of money, but, like all similar institutions, a little of its contents went a great way with the Amateur. There were specimens of the geological strata in the neighborhood of Stokeville, specimens of its flora in wax (looking more beautiful than real life, and a much better color), specimens of its manufactures in all stages—enough to make your head go round. But the great attraction, as it seemed, to the visitor (as they undoubtedly were to his cicerone) were the various effigies in marble, in plaster of Paris, in terra cotta, and on canvas, of the founder himself. In each of these Mr. Roden recognized something characteristic of the genius and energy of the original, while Sir Peter smiled and purred his "Do you really think so's?" and "So I've heard it said's," in a manner that would have charmed a cynic, and sent a humorous observer of human nature into fits. Unhappily there were no observers of any kind except the custodian, who lived in a glass box at the entrance, and passed his time, like a squirrel in a cage, in cracking nuts. The issuing of umbrella tickets, which was his *raison d'être*, was a sinecure office. The inhabitants of Stokeville had all seen the Museum, and none of them had ever come twice. The bedstead in which the founder had been born, the model of the cottage in which he had passed his boyhood, his first letter, and a copy of the certificate of his knighthood, each in its turn aroused Mr. Roden's admiration to its highest pitch, and when Sir Peter, at parting, observed, with a generous warmth, "I shall look forward to seeing you at dinner to-night, Mr. Roden, with the greatest pleasure," he meant it. On the other hand, when Mr. Roden, on finding himself well round the first corner, took out his handkerchief, wiped his forehead, and exclaimed, in accents of intense relief, "Thank Heaven it's over!" he meant that too.

At the Hall, Sir Peter's hospitality, which was of the imperial kind, delighted him: from the turtle soup to the pine-apple everything was strictly in accordance with his views of the fitness of things, while his host's apology, from the shortness of the notice of his coming, for not having the magnates of the county to meet him, was the more graciously accepted since the doctor and solicitor, who supplied the void, gave him the opportunity of dispensing patronage. He had never perhaps been more like himself—that is to say, more thoroughly artificial and affectedly demonstrative—than throughout the banquet; his deference to Sir Peter, his devotion to Miss Mildred, his geniality to Percy, his affability to Mr. Oldcastle and Dr. Dickson, were perfect in their way; if he had been alone with each member of the company, he would doubtless have made a great success, but as it was, the sense of contrast rather marred the effect. The general impression, in short, which Mr. Roden produced at the dinner party, save on the host himself, was that he was a consummate humbug—a phrase which, curiously enough, is applied to one who fails in his attempt to gammon. After dinner he had the misfortune to lose the good opinion even of Sir Peter. Any host who knew Mr. Roden's foible for art would have put his statues into the cellar, and turned his pictures with their faces to the wall, rather than have given him the chance of talking about them; but in an evil moment it was proposed that they should take coffee in the picture-gallery. Perhaps, after what he had suffered in the Museum that afternoon, Mr. Roden thought that it was his turn to play the oppressor; or perhaps (for there is no limit to human vanity in this direction) he really thought his views upon mediæval art were worth hearing; but at all events he discoursed upon it, coffee-cup in hand, till his companions were ready to drop. Poor Sir Peter had little guessed what he bargained for, or rather what was to be thrown into the bargain, when he invested in those Claudes. Praise of his property was not displeasing to him, but criticism was quite another thing; and like the poet's brook, shallow but ceaseless, this critic "went on forever." His host, as in duty bound, accompanied him from picture to picture, and listened perforce, like the guest in Coleridge's ballad, though even the "ancient mariner" was not so unmerciful as to discourse on art. At last, exasperated beyond endurance, the unhappy knight whispered, "Hang him! stop him, Percy," to his nephew, behind his hand.

Perhaps Mr. Roden, not so wrapped in the old masters as he appeared to be, may have caught a thread of this appeal, or, what is more likely, Percy's half-smothered laugh which followed it may have reached his ear; but certain it is he brought his lecture to an abrupt termination. So dashed were his spirits and so wounded his feelings by that unseemly exhibition of impatience in his audience that in the drawing-room, though crowded with the oldest and most hideous of china, he forbore to dilate upon its attractions. A sudden interest in the affairs and the state of health of his brother-in-law caused him apparently to give his chief attention to Dr. Dixon and Mr. Oldcastle, whose names, as he took care to inform them, though under the disguise, as it would appear, of Wickson and Newcastle, had long been familiar to him in the great metropolis. To Mildred, whom, however, he seldom addressed, he was still demonstratively polite, and assented entirely to all her sentiments and opinions: he had not been prepared, as he frankly confessed to her, to find a young lady in Stokeville so eminently qualified to shine in London society as herself, and delicately hinted that in his opinion, though delightful in her way, his dearest niece was wanting in *espièglerie*.

"But you must remember, Mr. Roden, that Clare is just now in trouble," said Mildred, apologetically, "and that you do not see her at her brightest."

"She is in trouble on one hand," he admitted, softly, "but on the other she has reason to be in excellent spirits. The happiness of her own future, linked as it is about to be with your charming cousin, seems assured."

And here, though he put up his glass, in apparent admiration of a blue dragon on the étagère behind her, his eyes never left her face.

"Indeed it seems so, Mr. Roden."

"You say 'seems,'" he rejoined, apprehensively, though nothing could have been more natural than the tone of her reply. "Is there, then, any doubt upon that subject?"

"Oh dear no; I only said 'seems' because you did."

And though her voice was unmoved, and her fan waved to and fro to the same slow measure as before, he noticed that her foot was restless as that of a hound at quest.

"They have known one another from children, I believe?"

"I believe so; that is, of course I know it," she added, quickly; "they have been neighbors all their lives."

"To be sure; Mr. Percy Fibbert has always resided with Sir Peter. A young man of charming manners, no doubt, but of whose taste in certain matters one may venture to entertain a doubt"—and Mr. Roden smiled significantly, and laid his crush hat (without which he never went abroad at night) on the region of his heart. There had been compliments paid within Mildred's range of reading whereat the heroines, their recipients, should by rights have been more frightened than flattered, but which she had taken, as they did, as matters of course; but Mr. Roden's flattering speech alarmed her exceedingly, nor did any reply to it suggest itself to her, save an uncomfortable laugh. Ere its last titter had died away, the butler had announced Mr. Roden's carriage, and so extreme was her affright and confusion that it is hardly too much to say that Miss Mildred Fibbert would have preferred it to have been that gentleman's hearse. On the other hand, Mr. Roden did not even yet consider that the insult to his *amour propre* had been sufficiently avenged. The "purse-proud knight and his insolent whipper-snapper of a nephew," as he privately described them, had wounded his vanity to the quick, and as, for the time at least, they were out of his reach, he had made Mildred their scapegoat and his victim. With his natural curiosity already whetted by his discovery of Gerald's weakness, and agog for new revelations of Stokeville life and manners, he had noticed, or fancied he noticed, a meaning glance or two interchanged between Percy and Mildred; though the tongue can not be tamed, it can be trained, it was his experience, to deceive the ear, but the eye (which was, perhaps, his own excuse for a glass) can no man train to keep secrets. Moreover, unless his own eyes had deceived him, he had seen this vision in one of the drawing-room looking-glasses: a young woman, standing with her face to the company, and regarding them with a smile of the politest welcome, had put her hand, as if mechanically, behind her, and for one fleeting instant it had (by no means mechanically) been seized and pressed by another hand—that of her cousin, who stood behind her.

On his return to Oak Lodge Mr. Roden found his niece dutifully sitting up for him, and before retiring to rest he had quite a confidential little chat with her by the drawing-room fire. He spoke of her father, of her brother, and of Herbert as though, albeit hitherto separated from him by malignant Destiny, they had now become indissolubly connected with him, and then touched on her own future and on Percy.

"I can see for myself that he has charming manners," he said, "and from what I gather he is a universal favorite."

"He is generally very popular, very," returned Clare, with a quick flush, "but there are some persons by whom, unhappily, he is misread. One can not avert prejudice, or surmount it."

"Yes, yes; a prejudice is a difficult thing to overcome, no doubt; but, on the other hand, my dear, so is a penchant."

"I don't understand you, uncle," said Clare, coldly, who believed that Mr. Roden, perhaps at the instance of her father, was about to advance some argument against her lover. "My love for Percy is no penchant."

"Of course not. I was only wondering whether, being, as you say, so popular, he may not have inspired a penchant difficult to get over in somebody else—in some other young lady."

Clare drew herself up, and looked at her companion with an air so haughty that it was almost contemptuous.

"That is really no affair of mine, uncle."

"Of course not, my dear," said Mr. Roden,

who was occupied in cleaning his eyeglass—an industry to which he always turned in moments of embarrassment. "I only thought I would just put you on your guard."

"Thank you, uncle."

"Don't mention it, my dear; no, if I were you, I would not mention it to any one, especially, too, as I may have been mistaken. Only, as I am going away to-morrow, and this is the only opportunity I may have of speaking to you alone, I thought it right to speak. You will think of your dear uncle, when he's gone, just now and then, I hope. Good-night, my dear."

He had certainly given her something to think of—if not of him, in connection with him. For what he had said, which of course referred to Mildred, corroborated all her lover had told her. On the other hand, he had been far too wise to say anything to the detriment of Percy himself. He felt that having thus sowed the seed of suspicion, that young gentleman would, in the course of nature, presently come in for his share of the crop.

Mr. Roden was not naturally malicious. If his sentiments in respect to Mr. Percy Fibbert that night had been put into words, they would have gone no further, perhaps, than, "I'll teach him to laugh behind my back when I am explaining my views, which are both interesting and instructive, upon the works of the old masters."

But his vanity was such that to wound it had the same effect on him as an imputation on a merchant's credit or a soldier's courage.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE BALL AT THE CASINO.

The ball given on Monday evening, November 7, to the French and German guests of the nation was a brilliant success. The hosts were commissioners duly appointed by the Governor of the State, and comprised some of our best citizens, who spared nothing to give splendor to the scene, and to render the reception a fitting tribute to the fair and gallant visitors. The Casino was prepared for the festivities with very great taste, and the decorations, which were designed by Mr. CLARENCE EYTINGE, were graceful and beautiful. The stage was one mass of flowers and verdure, in which bright-hued blossoms and spray-like ferns harmoniously blended, while from between the branches bright mirrors reflected the glitter of the lamps. Above the proscenium was a golden shield bearing the name WASHINGTON in jewels, and surrounded by the American and French flags. The gallery walls on either side were hung with fluted blue silk, fastened in the centre with squares which were brightly gilded, and bore the dates 1781 and 1881. The gallery railing was also panelled in blue silk, with a white satin edging, and each panel displayed in silver letters the name of a distinguished warrior of the Revolutionary war. Opposite to the name of WASHINGTON was the name of LAFAYETTE, between groups of French and American flags, among which the flag of the old French monarchy, white with golden lilies, was as conspicuous as it had been on the field of Yorktown. Next in pride of place were ROCHAMBEAU and DE GRASSE, on each side of the proscenium. On the right-hand gallery were the names of CHASTELLUX, KNOX, and VIÔMENIL, and on the left those of CHOISY, LINCOLN, and SAINT-SIMON. The names of VON STEUBEN and NELSON flanked the name of LAFAYETTE. The committee of arrangements wished it to be distinctly understood that the prominence given to the French names was necessitated by the fact that the French visitors were a delegation from the French government, and represented an army of allies, while the German visitors represented merely the family of a distinguished soldier in our own service.

The guests began to arrive about half past ten, and at eleven the orchestra struck up a march, to the strains of which the reception committee of ladies and gentlemen came upon the stage, and the guests of the evening were escorted in and presented. At this moment the scene was one of great beauty. The elaborate and tasteful decorations of the hall, the bright uniforms, the splendid toilets, the flashing diamonds, the glittering lights, the perfume of flowers, the masses of greenery, and the animation of the throng formed a spectacle long to be remembered. The ball was opened by a quadrille composed of Governor CORNELL and Madame OUTREY, the Hon. JOHN A. KING and Madame la Marquise de Rochambeau, Minister OUTREY and Mrs. Governor CORNELL, General BOULANGER and Mrs. JOHN JACOB ASTOR, Admiral HALLIGON and Mrs. Judge HORACE RUSSELL, Marquis de Rochambeau and Mrs. F. C. BARLOW, Colonel BOSSAU and Mrs. VAN RENSSELAER, Colonel VON STEUBEN and Mrs. Colonel WILLIAM JAY, Count d'Ollone and Mrs. RHINELANDER STEWART, and M. DE CORCELLES and Mrs. CORNELIUS VANDERBILT. Then dancing became general, and was continued till a very late hour, while the promenade floor with its sofas and chairs accommodated those who preferred to be spectators rather than participants in the dance. Nor were more substantial enjoyments overlooked. The supper-room was magnificently laid out, and the bill of fare would satisfy the greatest of epicures.

The only invited guests were the President of the United States (who declined the invitation on account of the recent death of his predecessor); the Governor of the State of New York and staff; the Mayor of the city of New York and staff; Major-General HANCOCK, United States Army, and staff; Rear-Admiral WYMAN, United States Navy; the French legation at Washington, and consular officers at New York; the German legation at Washington, and consular officers at New York; the officers of the French men-of-war *Magicienne* and *Dumont d'Urville*; ex-President ULYSSES S. GRANT; Major-General SHALER, N.G.S.N.Y., and staff; and the commanding officers of the special military escorts to the foreign guests.

THE RACE FOR THE AMERICA CUP.

FORTUNE did not smile upon the attempt of the Canadian sloop yacht *Atalanta* to carry off the America Cup. In the first race, sailed on the 9th inst., she was so hopelessly beaten by the *Mischief* that it showed considerable courage and pluck on the part of her commander, Captain CUTHBERT, to court defeat on the following day by the same competitor. The *Gracie*, although not in the race, sailed over the course in company with other New York yachts, and, like the *Mischief*, showed that the Canadian yacht was not to be feared as a rival. Our illustration on page 772 shows the yachts on the way up from Sandy Hook on the day of the first race, the *Atalanta* well in the rear.

The Canadian yacht is very sharp forward, and her nearly straight stem curves under the bowsprit in a graceful cut-water. But her sails are ill-fitting, and she is otherwise not in condition to sail with crack American yachts. Several Canadians who were on the judges' boat on the second day said that Captain CUTHBERT sailed these races against the advice of the most judicious member of the Bay of Quinte Yacht Club, and they were not surprised at the result. Captain CUTHBERT is, however, not disheartened, and says that he will see what he can do next spring when he gets his boat in better trim. The *Atalanta* will stay here all winter, and it is possible may issue another challenge.

SHORE SHOOTING.

MR. FROST'S realistic and well-drawn cartoon is so thoroughly exact in the minutest technical details of shore shooting that those who have reminiscences of the sport as it formerly existed will feel a renewed regret that so attractive a pastime is fast becoming one of the lost pleasures of the sportsman's life. What with the introduction of the decoy, breech-loading shot-gun, and the destruction of the eggs of the nesting birds for the albumen they contain, a few more years will render snipe-shooting a legend of the past.

In the central design of the page drawing the character and movement of the birds are so admirably portrayed as to mark them at once as "black-breasted plover." Those who recall how abundant was this variety of snipe but a few years since will be grateful for a clever pictorial representation of a bird now comparatively so seldom seen.

A few years since, the black-breasted plover visited our coast-line in countless numbers. They appeared in noble flocks, whose steady but rapid flight revealed their identity to the sportsman long before the markings of their plumage were distinguishable to the keenest eye. As they swept by the decoys in dense close line, and whirled head to the wind in answer to the gunner's call, and huddled together as they prepared to alight, they presented to the experienced shot an opportunity for slaughter which was availed of to the broadest extent. These great flocks of black-breasted plover have been swept out of existence. To-day we are content if a couple of veterans, the remnants of the great army which formerly twice yearly visited our shores, are killed during a long day's tedious waiting.

The curlew, by reason of its more wary habits, is in some localities comparatively abundant. On the occasion of a smoky sou'-wester on any day after the Fourth of July, numerous large flocks of these birds may be seen following the coast-line of our bays and sounds *en route* to their feeding-grounds in the States south of Maryland.

During these journeys they do not alight to decoys, but maintain a steady flight, one flock following in the rear of the other at unequal distances, on a well-defined and almost unvarying course. If the wind be very strong, they fly quite near the surface of the water; but so soon as they approach a point of land or meadow, they soar into the air two or three gunshots high. Their vision is wonderfully acute, and when their suspicions are aroused by any unaccustomed or not thoroughly well recognized object, they give it a wide berth, either to the right or the left. Upon passing the place of danger they drop back upon their original course, which they hold until some fresh danger causes them to temporarily abandon it.

The "jack curlew" is the member of the curlew family which is the more common on our Northern coast. Their note or cry is a peculiar one. It consists of a series of short whistles, which appear easy of imitation, but unless one be thoroughly accomplished in the call, and attempt to entice by it a flock of these snipe, he will discover that the quick-eared birds have detected a false note. The mistake commonly made by the sportsman is in whistling too rapidly and frequently. One who is able to call the "jack curlew" is not often met with; but when one is thoroughly expert in the art, he alone may hope to kill a few of these birds on their flight.

The willet, in his abiding confidence and guilelessness, is in vivid contrast with the curlew. Consequently he is no longer a familiar visitor. The willet has certain peculiarities of habit which distinguish him from any other of the snipe family. His color and cry are markedly peculiar. The latter is one which no fellow can imitate. An approximate imitation, however, is sufficient to attract his attention, and when once he catches sight of the decoys, and pitches to them, he not infrequently hovers about until the last one of the flock is destroyed. The sorrowful cry of a wounded companion appears to arouse the keenest sympathy of his fellows, and they are so loath to forsake him that their own lives pay the penalty of their devotion. It is this well-known habit which has taught the tender and sensitive sportsman to preserve a wounded willet, and on the approach of a flock urge him to utter his cry of terror and pain by pinching him on the wounded part.

While almost all other varieties of the snipe pass our coast on their autumn flight coming from the northeast or east, the willet approaches from the west. As he is seen on Southern coasts in the early summer months, it is to be supposed that locality is his breeding ground. He reaches the Northern coast somewhere about the 15th of August. While he is seen on his flight to the east, but few are noticed as returning westward. It is possible that late in the season they may make a direct course for their winter-quarters, far out at sea, and avoid entirely the coast-line.

Of the yellow-legged snipe there are two varieties, the large and the small. There is but little difference in the markings of their plumage, but the former is of double the size of the latter. The large yellow-leg is a noble bird, and was once during the autumn to be found in large numbers on all salt-marshes. He is, however, growing more rare year by year. His note is easy of imitation, and he responds readily to it. Moreover, he yields gently to the fascination of the decoy; consequently he will soon be numbered among the "lost sorts." He is a long-legged bird, and very nimble in his movements when wing-tipped. To the sportsman incased in heavy boots he is frequently a source of much tribulation in his efforts to escape when so crippled.

One of the great charms of snipe-shooting consisted in its being a sport which called one to the shore at a very early hour of the morning. Between daybreak and 9 A.M. were commonly the best hours of the day.

The scene depicted in the drawing entitled "Too much early rising" recalls an occasion on which Mr. J. Q. A. WARD, the sculptor, accompanied the writer. We started at nine o'clock at night for a meadow point on one of the Long Island bays. We reached our destination in a very small boat somewhere about 10 P.M. We then "turned in" to sleep until daybreak. "Turning in" consisted in sleeping side by side on the hard board bottom of a skiff not above three feet wide, with sand ballast bags for pillows. Sardines are loosely packed compared with our compressed condition. To turn over was impossible; even if it were, the mosquitoes made sleep impossible. We "turned out" at daybreak, and put out the decoys, which being done we both immediately stretched ourselves upon the sand and fell into a slumber from which we did not awaken, notwithstanding the attacks of countless mosquitoes, until toward noon. Millions of snipe might in that time have hovered above our decoys, but nothing but satiety could arouse us from a state of somnolence which was absolutely overpowering.

GASTON FAY.

THE BRAN DANCE AT THE APPLE SETTLEMENT.

By SHERWOOD BONNER.

"THEY'S mostly Apples in that settle*ment*," said Mr. Jack Officer. "When they has a blow-out, they kind o' jines together, and makes the feathers fly. Lucky thing for preachers 'f they take a camp-meetin' in han'. They'll have the mo'ners lively 'f they have to press every waggin an' old mule in the Cumberland to git 'em thar. They pretty much rule things round here. 'F one of 'em takes a fancy to a good-lookin' girl, the other boys keep away—they are shooters, them Apples. That's a powerful lot of 'em. Old Grandpa Apple—him that started the settle*ment*—is a-livin' yet. He come over from Carliny some sixty years back, in a canopied waggin, with all he had, includin' his gret-uncle, ready to light out fur Jordan, an' a yaller dog—female, that's mothered the best breed o' pups on the mountain. He had two blooded cows, an' a stavin' young woman for a wife; an' calves an' children came 's fast 's he could house 'em—faster too, I reckin, for they had to tent it one hot summer. The boys they growed up, an' they married aroun' the country, an' somehow they've had luck—big smart han'some families. An' their childern is a-marryin' an' child-bearin'. So, you see, old Grandpa Apple he sees the fourth generation. An' I guess the Lord ain't any pleaseder in surveyin' the earth He has made than that old man in a-countin' Apple noses.

"They're goin' to have a bran dance to-morrer over in the settle*ment*. Ever seen a bran dance? 'T's a powerful nice entertainment. Better stop over an' go 'long with me."

We "stopped over." Starting the next morning by earliest cock-crow, we reached the Apple Settlement, so exhilarated—ah! delicious air of the Cumberland!—that we were ready to cut pigeon wings in a bran dance until the bran flew about our ears as dry as the dust of a powdered mummy.

The scene was as animated as one of Hogarth's pictures. Horses, mules, ox-wagons, spring-carts, were huddled at the gate. People were moving about under the trees with the fantastic gravity that hides inward joy. Half a dozen slim young fellows in blue calico shirts, opening to show their sunburned throats, were masters of ceremonies. They shook our hands with serious cordiality, and nodded silently to Mr. Officer. They do not say much, these mountain people. How should they? They might be early-language makers, for the few words they know. Jack Officer was garrulous. But, as he said of himself, he was "born with the gab." Besides, he read the Bible and a weekly paper.

Grandpa Apple was sitting under a tree in the yard.

"Looks like a peeled Apple, *he* does," said Mr. Officer, facetiously.

This startling simile was not inappropriate, the old man was so white and clean. His head was bare, and shone like the snow. A long white beard dropped from his chin, and white overhanging eyebrows almost hid his eyes. His face was white and wrinkled as a yeasty tub of beer. His trousers and shirt were of white linsey, and he was fanning himself with a white turkey-tail fan. He would have served gloriously, backed up in a Christmas window, as Santa Claus, or the Old Year.

In the heart of a lovely grove Grandpa Apple had built his log-cabin. It was so comfortable-looking, so entirely the right sort of house to be set among those trees. The logs were sawed in two, and were worn to a rich polish; the spaces between were new chinked with white mortar. There were many rooms connected by little porches wide as foot-paths. Doors and windows were opened wide. The floors were bare, and freshly scrubbed. There were beds in every room, four red posters guarding feather-beds of forty-goose power. Wood-cuts from newspapers and fashion magazines were gummed on the walls. Althea boughs were thrust into the cavernous depths of the wide fire-places, and in one room there was a wonderful screen made of hundreds of little pictures.

The kitchen was the place to melt your soul. A mass of coals that would have frightened Daniel glowed in the fire-place. A black pot hung from a crane. Half a dozen ovens were ranged on the hearth, coals under and above them. From time to time the oven lids were lifted with the burned end of a broom-handle, revealing six little pigs in various stages of brownness. The deities of this place were somewhat wizened Apples, so to speak. They danced once; now they cooked. So passes the glory of mountain pinks. They looked warm, and a little anxious. But now and then they would plunge their heads into a basin of cool water, and come up, like Duffy after the third round, confident and smiling.

GRANDPA APPLE.

The women were nearly all assembled in the room with the screen. They sat against the walls solemnly. They were dressed in clean bright calicoes, cut as low as the collar-bone. Some—vain, dressy creatures—wore broad flat crocheted collars, and bows shaped like flying birds. The girls were supple and straight, with ankles not offensive to the eye of man; but among the matrons were some queer figures, whose lacks or redundancies were concealed by hoops and set off with trails.

"Looks 's if them sort ought to perch in the trees," said Mr. Officer, watching a green calico dragged across the floor.

The young men glowered in through the windows, and poked each other in the sides, making a noise between tongue and cheek not unlike a prolonged cluck to a horse.

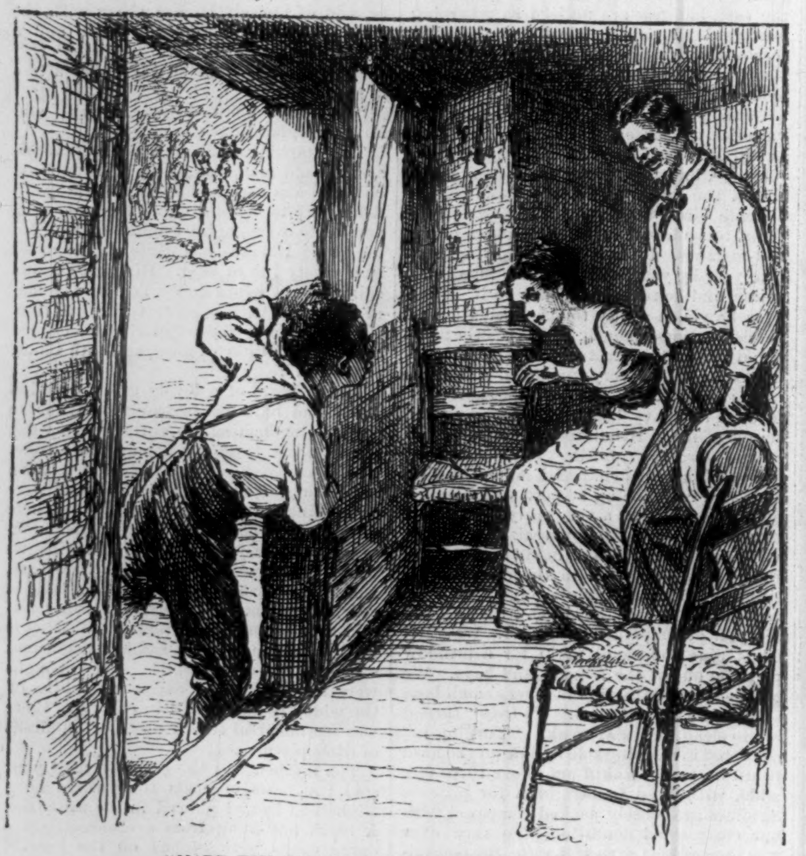
Mr. Officer held a violin under his chin. "Take your partners!" he called, with a piercing scrape of the bow across the strings.

"My fust fiddled," remarked Mrs. Officer, "but not with the skill'dness of Mr. Officer."

The young men came in and led out the girls; one mountain maid—and a pretty one—lingered.

"You needn't ask me," she said, coquettishly. "I've promised to dance the first dance with Mr. Tom Jared."

"Should like to know why he don't come," said young Jack Apple; "pears 's if he ain't in a hurry."



"MARS' TOM SAY HE DONE GIN OUT DE NOTION."

At this instant a little black bullet head was thrust inside the door, and an African voice called, with a subdued chuckle,

"Mars' Tom say he done gin out de notion."

Sensation. Up jumped the offended fair, and rushed after the messenger, who ran from the slap to come.

"She's as mad as forty thousand wet hens," said Mrs. Officer, mildly.

And we thought she had a right to be.

From the grove sounded the inspiring strain of "Billy in the Low Grounds." We found the dancers in a rustic arbor, roofed with green boughs intertwined with hickory withes. Floor there was none save the smooth earth covered three inches deep with wheat bran. Slightly dampened, it was pleasant to dance on; but Heaven preserve them when they danced it dry!

Men on one side, women on the other, stiff as a line of bayonets. It was a reel they were to dance. Jack Officer sat on an inverted barrel at one end of the arbor.

Down the middle danced the leading pair, and separating with an air of being braced for duty, began their advances at opposite ends of the line. It was rather heavy. Here was their stamping ground, and they came down flat-footed. Suddenly a screech created a pleasant confusion.

"He trod on my foot a-purpose, he did," cried a woman with elfish black hair, shaking her fist at a young fellow.

Another woman, wife or sweetheart, responded, with a provoking drawl,

"What made yer come t' a party b'ar-footed?"

"P'r'aps I'd have as good shoes as you, Jane Oscar, 'f my man wuz in th' ground-hog whiskey business."

"Come, come," interposed a peaceful Apple; "speaking o' ground-hog, who'll have a drink?"

A blue water-bucket, in which a tin dipper floated, was brought forward.

All took Titanic gulps. There was a smacking of lips such as would have done credit to a tournament of lovers.

"Ah-h! that's the true Cumberland punch!" cried the refreshed fiddler.

We tasted the Cumberland punch. It was not made on the one, two, three principle, but was even more simple. It was sugarless, lemonless, waterless. It was smoky, strong, and brought tears to the eyes. In short, it was white whiskey mixed with white whiskey.

"An' very strengthenin' to the legs it is," said Jack Apple, pressing its offer.

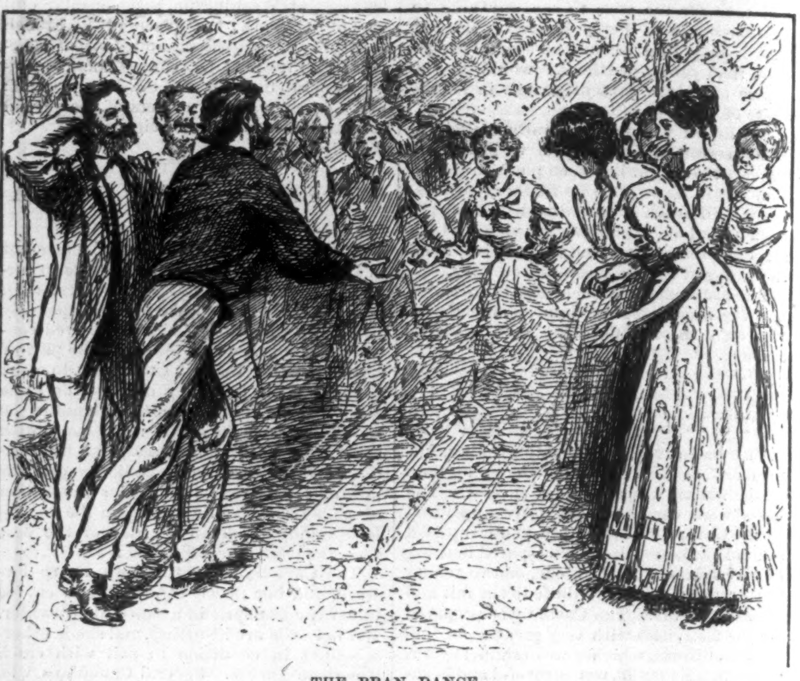
The dancing began again with vigor, with fire and fury. The music sped in tripping notes, and Mr. Officer added his cracked but cheerful voice:

"Oh! whar did you come from?—
Knock a nigger down—
Oh! whar did you come from,
Jerry *Miah* Brown?"

The bran dried under their warm feet, and blew up in little swirls. The mountain boys jumped until their heads knocked against the boughs above, and green leaves whirled through the flying dust. Rills of laughter bubbled forth, checked by sudden coughs. Girls' loosened hair caught around the wet necks of their partners.

"Don't you weep no more, sister Mary;
Don't you weep no more, brother John,"

sang Mr. Officer, kicking his feet against the barrel;



THE BRAN DANCE.

"For Satan is dead, an' the word is said
For to save you a heavenly crown.
Yes, it is"—thump, thump—
"Yes, it is"—thump, thump—
"For to save you a *heavy*-anly crown."

"The devil!" suddenly exclaimed a man's voice. It was one of the Bleylock boys.

The dancing stopped; Jack Officer leaped down from the barrel.

"Look yonder!" said young Bleylock, pointing up to the forest roof of the arbor.

There darted a sunbeam, here fluttered a dogwood blossom; and between flower and ray the evil head of a snake wriggled socially.

"Clear out!" cried Mr. Officer, gesticulating wildly. In two minutes the place was cleared. The bran settled slowly. His snakeship was monarch, but there was naught to survey.

Jack Apple stepped in, however, an open clasp-knife in one hand. He poured some whiskey on the ground, and stooping, rubbed his other hand in the wet earth until it was gummy and black. Whether there was some mysterious significance in this rite, or he did it to secure a firmer grip, we did not know. But he seized the snake just back of the head, and before it could hiss for wonder, one snake of the world had been cut in two, and could not come again.

Grandpa Apple had surveyed the scene with interest and pride.

"Purty well done, Jack—purty well," he said. "'T comes natural to the Apples to hate snakes. D' I ever tell you o' my scrimmage with the snakes on Council Rock?"

"Reckon 't 'll b'ar tellin' over agin," said Jack Officer's wife.

"JACK APPLE STEPPED IN," ETC.

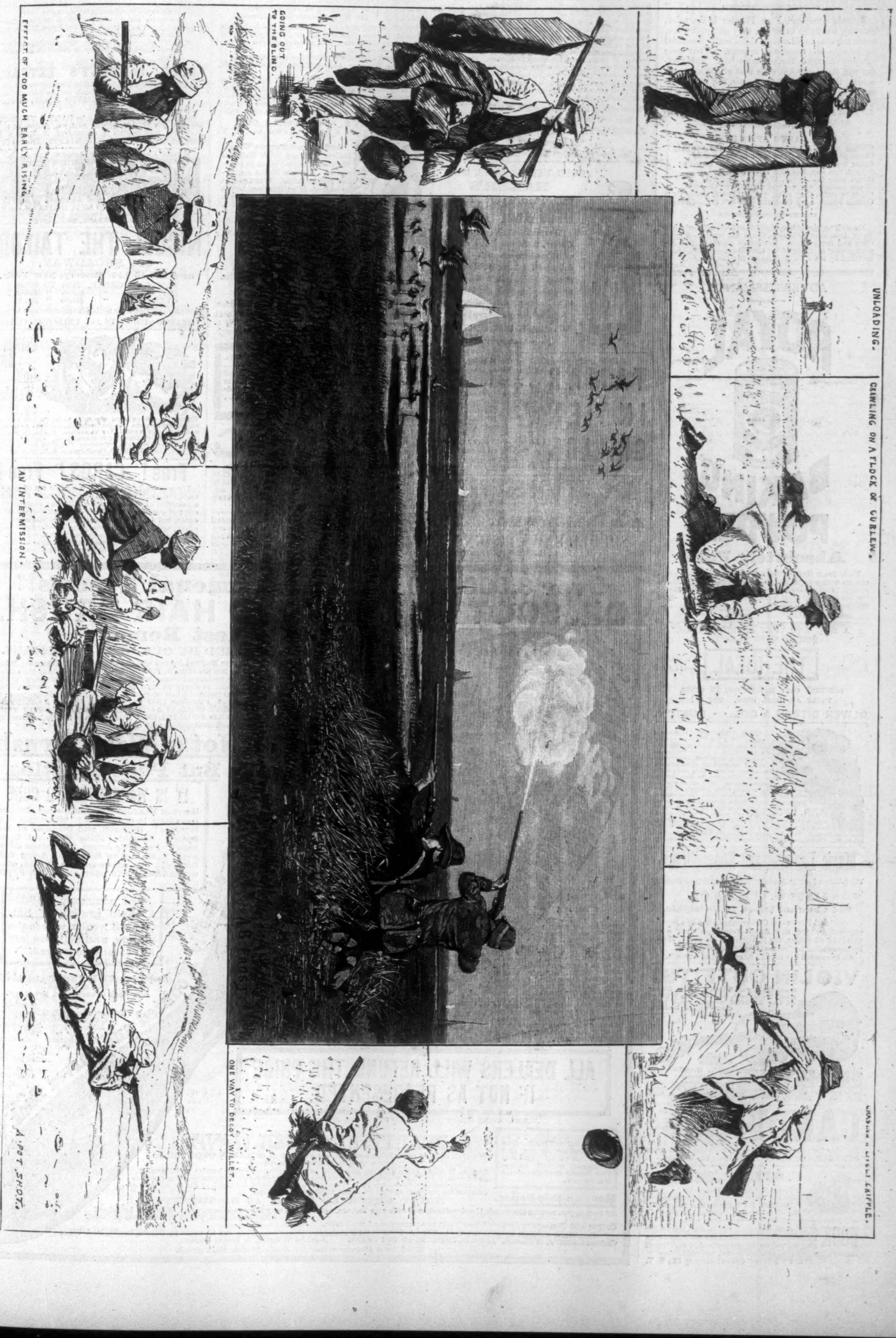
"'Twas when I fust settled in Tennessee," said Grandpa Apple; "an' I built my house on a rock, like the man in Scripter, you know. We moved in befo' it uz finished, an' the roof was but partly shingled. 'Twas coolish, snappish weather, an' I made rousin' big fires, an' warmed the old rock up. An' one mornin' me an' my wife an' the baby (Jack's grandpa) wuz in bed, an' I heerd a soft ugly sound—hiss-s-s-s-s! The mornin' was dark, but I peered with young eyes at the floor, an' it seemed to be a-risin' in curls an' waves—put me in mind o' Cany Fork when the wind is of a moderate gustiness. I raised on my elbow, an' I squinted up my eyes for a closer look, an' I said, 'Lord o' creation!'—not that I'm a swarin' man; but them was snakes! an' that sight was enough to make a man throw rocks at his grandmother. What a lot of 'em, little an' big!—'s many's there are Apples here to-day. Maybe 'twas kind o' prophetic. Well, I woke Nancy, an' told her to roll up head, ears, an' baby (Jack's grandpa) in the blankets; an' I crawled up the bed-post an' out through that blessed hole in the roof. Fortunate I had a neighbor with a family o' boys, an' we got on boots, an' with rifles an' whips we went in for the biggest snake-fight ever seen this side o' Jordan. You see, thar nests was under the rock, an' my fires had made it warm for 'em, an' they had come a-cork-screwin' out o' thar winter-quarters. Tell you we slayed an' we slew. The old woman she staid kivered up, ekally afeard, she said, o' men an' snakes, we got so bloody an' fierce to kill. I do s'pose we killed a million o' them rattlers—they was all rattlers."

"Oh! oho! Mr. Apple," said Jack Officer; "them figgers is too high. 'F you killed one thousand a day, 'twould take you a matter o' twenty years to git shet of a million."

"Now look at that!" said the old man, admiringly; and, "Mr. Officer's a powerful smart man—powerful," said Jack's wife.

It was now noon, and dinner was served in the grove. The table was made of pine boards stretched across chair backs. It was crowded with savory dishes, and as for the dear little pigs, never were pigs so good since the first that it took the burning of a hut to roast.

After dinner the dance began again, but we were tired and spent with laughter. We sought a far-off tree, and, gazed upon admiringly by three small Apples, slept until the bran dance was over.



SHORE SHOOTING.—Drawn by A. B. Frost.—[See Page 779.]

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Cause stomach ache, and sour in my mouffy;
Cause too, can't seep, and worms bites ze belly;
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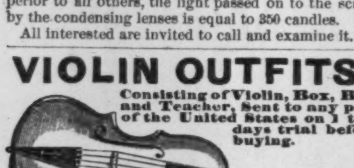

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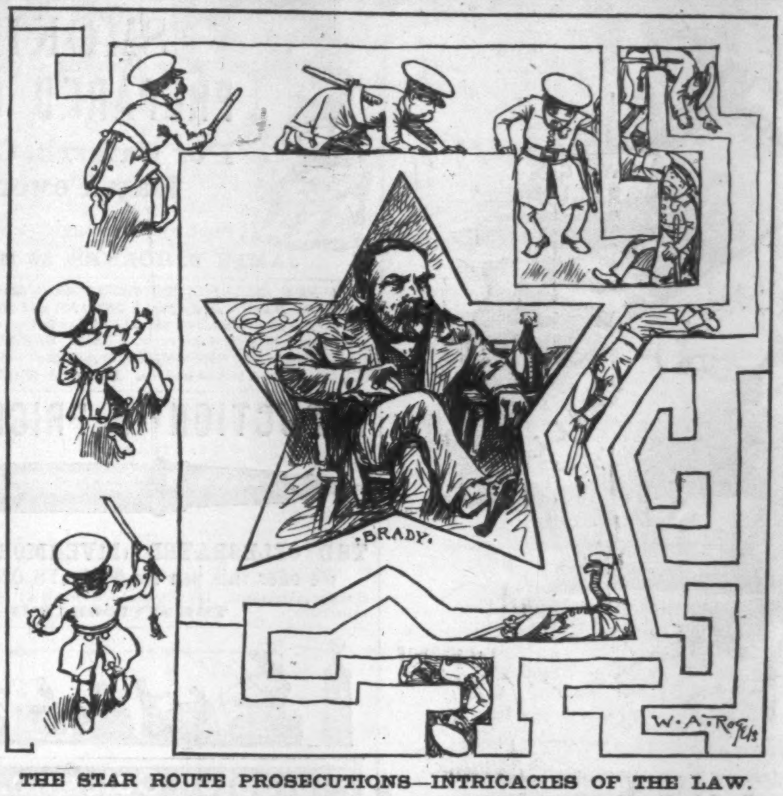

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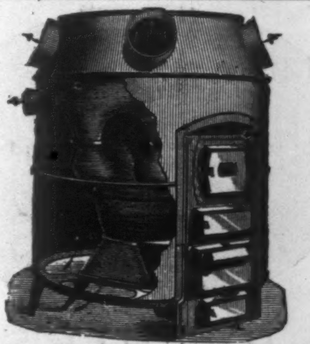

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